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Three Bellars a Year, in Advance.

No. 18.

THE COMING DAYS.

BY CLIO STANLEY

Be wise—for the dark days come, And the nights that are full of wee; The oak tree loseth her leaves, And the daisy is dead, below? And how can we know that spring Will crown her with greener leaves, for bring new joy to the heart That over the daisy grieves?

He wise-for the daisy's life is but the type of thine; And things on earth are but the sign of this substitution of the substi

And yet when the Summer comes
We are not quite content,
We long for the crowing miracle
Of a coming glad event!
Be wise-for the seasons still must change.
The flower of the field must die;
And how can we hope the reaper, Death,
Will spare us—you and I!

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE," "JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT," ETC.

CHAPTER IV. MAJOR AMBERLY'S OFFENCE.

We must request our readers to accompany us to the town of Nacogdoches. This ancient Spanish town, one of the early Mexican settlements, was of no great size, and had now in great part lost its former importance.

It had been the centre of a thriving Indian trade, but this had greatly fallen off during and since the Texan struggle for independence.

The Red Lands, a large tract of very fertile soil in Eastern Texas, had proved

creased.

Colonel Bowles, their head chief, was a half-breed, his father a Scotchman, his mother an Indian woman. He was known to be shrewd and daring, and it was strongly suspected that he had listened favorably to the representations of secret agents of Santa Anna.

This changed state of feeling among the savages had been evidenced by several outbreaks, in which one or two set-

eral outbreaks, in which one or two set-tlers had been murdered. But the movethere is a large war party of Indians to the southward, as detailed in our last chapter, was a far more serious matter, and justified the utmost alarm in the inhabitants of the border.

In consequence of its perilous position Nacogdoches had long possessed a garri-son, which had been strengthened within the last year in dread of trouble with the Indians.

The few companies of Texan Rangers rate rew companies of Texan Anagers stationed there were dignified by the name of a regiment, and were under the command of Colonel Brownson, with a full regimental organization. They occupied the old Spanish barracks, on the skirts of the town.

We must introduce our readers to the interior of a house in this town. It was

meterior of a house in this town. It was an old and substantially built mansion, with grounds sloping back to the dark waters of Nina Creek, that ran close by the town. This stream was very shallow. low, except during the rainy season, but had been swollen by a recent storm, and was now running with some depth and

Two persons were seated in the sittingroom of this mansion, a dark, wainscotted
apartment, overlooking the grounds,
which were full of the green and flowering beauty of the semi-tropics.
Its old-fashioned substantial furniture
still occupied the room. It seemed to
have been the home of some wealthy
Mexican, and to have been left, without
a change, to his Texan successor.
One of these gentlemen wore the uniform of a captain in the Texan service.
He was a handsome young man, of seemingly energetic disposition. His companion was a civilian, more advanced in



"We have been brought up in a different school from you," said the captain.
"The necessity of subordination is the "That v ent school from you," "The necessity of subordination is the first and constant lesson taught a soldier. Major Amberly has broken the rules of

Major Amberly has broken the rules of strict military discipline in disobeying the orders of his superior."
"Suppose he has," broke in Mr. Mar-vin. "Is he not excusable? Is not his action creditable? Does it deserve cen-sure, or these harsh measures?"
"Not in equity," said the captain.
"The colonel has acted unjustly, and, I fear, from private spleen. Military dis-

"The colonel has acted unjustly, and, I fear, from private spleen. Military discipline has this fault, that it permits occasional tyranny."

"You may well call it tyranny. The man hates Major Amberly, and has taken the first opportunity to show it. But even Colonel Brownson is not an autocrat. There are higher powers than he in the State, and I will see if they cannot be invoked."

"It will not be so easy," said the captain, defly opening another orange.

"Why not? This court-martial cannot be pushed so rapidly as to prevent some higher officer being seen. Nor would Colonel Brownson dare attempt personal injury to his prisoner."

"I do not know how much he might dare. I know that it will be no easy matter to leave this town now on the er-

cigar, and leaning back in his chair to its enjoyment.

"To explain my meaning," he continued, "it will be well to recapitulate. Let us reconsider Major Amberly's action. A strong body of Indians appear outside of their legal limits—not in war paint, it is true, but plainly meaning mischief. A force of Rangers, under command of the major, is directed to

It had been the centre of a thriving Indian trade, but this had greatly fallen off during and since the Texan struggle for independence.

The Red Lands, a large tract of very fertile soil in Eastern Texas, had proved very attractive to the Indian tribes, and they had occupied almost the entire tract. In addition to the native Indians, there had been large migrations from the United States.

Some of these had been made a much earlier date, but in 1822 the Cherokees, with representatives of several other tribes, not liking the restrictions to which they were subjected, had migrated in large numbers, and settled upon this district.

They had been peacefully inclined, undated and proved in the deep large migrations from the tribes. They had been peacefully inclined, undated and proved in the deference of the particle of the possible with the provention of the force, and the lady struction of the force, and they had occurred the states.

They had been peacefully inclined, undated and proved the colone that the object in the provention of the state of the particle of the particle of the particle of the particle of the possible tied by strict orders from the colonel that the by strict orders from the blockhouse. If a soldier's coat, on a wooden wall, can be stable, under no circumstances, suffer a soldier to stir from the blockhouse. If a soldier's coat, on a wooden wall, can be still work against him, undoubt control that the other states of the particle of the by strict orders from the clockhouse. If a soldier's coat, on a wooden wall, can be still work against him, undoubt the soldier, and tries sense depredations on his own hook, the celebrated Texan langers must sit and look on, sucking of the case, "They are excellent, "replied the captain," said fine the other space of the by strict orders from the b

grated in large numbers, and settled upon this district.

They had been peacefully inclined, until within the last year. But since Texas had gained her independence, many of her sons had looked with longing eyes upon these rich lands, and squatters were gathering thickly upon their borders.

The policy of removing these savage inhabitants back again to the Indian Territory had been seriously debated, and though President Houston strongly opposed it, the savages had grown alarmed, and were ready to listen to the savages had grown alarmed, and were ready to listen to the insidious advances of secret Mexican agents. A sew president now occupied the chair, whose policy was opposite to that of General Houston, and their alarm increased.

'I am a man,' was his answer. "Than a man, was his answer.
"That was all we said. I gave him a
look, and he gave me a look. He walked
away to his rooms, and in ten minutes I
was outside the fort, with sixty armed
Rangers at my back. We made first for Rangers at my back. We made first for the hut. The Indians fell back, leaving the woman and children safe. I demanded the woman and children safe. I demanded the return of the prisoner. They laughed and displayed their weapons. I ordered a charge, and for five minutes we had a sharp skirmish. Then they fell back into the woods, leaving their prisoner murdered upon the ground, and two of their own warriors to bear him company. I had one man killed and two wounded."

"And that was all?"

"That was enough. The colonel's orders had been disobeyed. Strictly speaking, I was the culprit, but the major, as

ders had been disobeyed. Strictly speak-ing, I was the culprit, but the major, as you know, would not shelter himself be-hind such a subterfuge. He acknow-ledges that he commanded me to make the attack, and declares that he would do it again in any similar case

do it again in any similar case."
"In consequence," continued Mr.
Marvin, "Colonel Brownson has put
him under arrest for disobedience of orders, and threatens a count-martial."
"So the case stands," said Captain
Allen. "There is no one here doubts

"I do not know how much he might dare. I know that it will be no easy matter to leave this town now on the errand you propose."

"Why not? I defy him to interfere to prevent me, and there is no one else would wish to. Major Amberly has general sympathy.

"The major has more enemies than you think. But that is not my meaning. It is simply that our friend's action has borne bitter fruit."

"You remember that the colonel's explain."

"You remember that the colonel's ex"How? Please explain."
"I will smoke now, if you have no objections," said Captain Allen, lighting a cigar, and leaning back in his chair to its

"You remember that the colonel's excuse for his order was that he had been bad here considerably widened the main strictly directed from headquarters to do nothing to excite the savages, or to give and long grass, which overhood so as to conceal the shore.

"And the stand lay just above the influence of the swift current from the Xina, which will be in soon," replied Phil. "I had best let him speak lirst.

I am to sava that he had been strictly directed from headquarters to do nothing to excite the savages, or to give the influence of the swift current from the Xina, which will be in soon," replied Phil. "I had best let him speak lirst.

I am to young to give my opinion ahead and long grass, which overhoods so as to conceal the shore."

them any plea for open hostlittes by an aggressive movement on our part."

"Of course, I know all that."

"These orders were disobeyed. And now, within three weeks, a strong war party of Indians, in full paint and panoply, has appeared below the town."

"A war party of Indians." cried Mr. Maryin, in excitement and surprise. Marvin, in excitement and surprise.

"Just so, with Lone Star at their head.

years, and of a steady, grave counte- watch them. But this officer's hands are This noted chief does not go out without boat fastened within the edge of the

"That cannot yet be occupied by the Indians. I dread this place. We cannot Colonel Brownson will await orders from Austin before he moves hand or foot. I wonder if he will let the troops leave the barracks to defend the town, in case it is attacked."

Mr. Marvin spoke with high indignation. "That cannot yet be occupied by the Indians. I dread this place. We cannot long be safe here."

"Why would you come up here at all, Miss Nellie?" cried Laura, in a shuddering voice. "They will take us prisoners, I know they will. And then what will become of us? That old man told you not to come."

fortunate occurrence as justifying him in acting with severe vigor against the major. He hates him, you say, and may obtain other officers unfriendly to the prisoner, with whom to form a court martial. What is the extreme penalty of the major's offence?"

"Death," replied the captain, "on the charge of pecipitating an Indian war by direct disobedience of orders. But he will not dare go so far."

own used to Indian warfare. I can saw the scout.

Saw the scout.

"Oh, Mr. Sawyer" she cried. "Have cager reply "And can I do nothing?" asked Laura, chinging to the sieeve of her mistress as Austin, with letters to the President.

CHAPTER V. A HOT CHASE,

We left the canoe containing the fugi-tives just touching the shore of a small island in mid river, while the savages had again disappeared, and deep silence had succeeded the terrifying uproar of They must get us first." she creed, wringing her hands. "We will all be murdered, I know we will." "We are not captured yet," replied Phil, quietly. "One thing at a time. They must get us first."

Sils.

The island lay just above the influence the captain.

"Mr. tray will be in soon," replied "Mr. tray will be in soon," replied to the state of the state of

conceal the shore.

They rowed slowly along the bank, the glasm of the overhanging bushes concealing them from view, in search of a good place to land.

"Mess Amberly thinks we might have reached the other shore in safety, and escaped into the woods."

"It is too late now," was Phil's omin-

island, a firm, sloping bank presented itself, below which a narrow growth of came bordered the eastern slore.

The ladies were helped ashore, and the show impatience and excitement.

peace. Besides, it might prove no easy matter to send to or hear from Austin just now."

"That is why you say that I cannot communicate?"

"Exactly. The town may be even now surrounded by savages, for all we know to the contrary. You would be risking your life."

"I know Colonel Brownson," was Mr. Marvin's reply. "He will take this uncortunate occurrence as justifying him in acting with severe vigor against the

the will not dare go so far.

The has no lack of daring. Don't st to that. There are soouts in the virused to Indian warfare. I can palled face, which brightened when she

ing upon his rifle.

What will they do with as if they

was his reply, as he stood rest-

Gautiously turning the head of the ous answer.

The next moment the older hunter ined the circle.

It was Miss Amberly's turn now to

dently she trusted more fully to the old scout than to the youth.

"Are we safe?" she eagerly asked.
"Have they retired? Can we escape? I will reward you both handsomely if we can in any way reach the town to-night. I am strong, I can walk."

She had risen in her excitement. Her eyes glittered in the moonlight. Her voice trembled.

"We are not safe," was his grave reply. "We may not be able to escape. I reveal the full danger to you to prepare you for the worst. I hope we will be able to baffle the savages."

"Why are you thus despondent?" asked Captain Wilson. "They are on shore, we on the island. We have weapons. We have a boat."

"They have canoes," was the answer.

"There lies our danger. They have already crossed below the island. The western bank is guarded. We dare not attempt to reach either shore. The question is, can we keep them from the island?"

"And can you?" asked the lady, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking

island?"

"And can you?" asked the lady, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking
eagerly into his face.

"We can try," he answered. "I've
been is many a worse scrape than this,
and came out with a whole skin. A
handful of Cherokees can't frighten an
oid hunter like Jack Gray."

"It is us you fear for?" she asked, her
hand still upon his arm.

"It is a fearful position for a lady like
you," he replied.

"It is a fearful position for a lady like you," he replied.

"I will not be in your way," he answered. "Act as if only your own safety was in question. I am a soldier's daughter. No man, red or white, shall see fear in my face, or hear it in my voice."

"Can you use the rifle, Captain?" asked the scout.

"Moderately well." was the reply.

asked the scout.

"Moderately well," was the reply.

"We need now to be vigilant and ready. A narrow strip of water divides us from the western bank. There the danger threatens. The savages must find it a path of blood to cross. Did you see the canoe. Phil?" see the canoe, Phil?'

"Yes," was the answer.
"How many crossed?"
"Three, I think. Maybe four. If it is their only canoe, and I think it is, we need not fear four men."
"They know our force and will hardly venture to attack us with four men,"

said the older scout.

said the older scout.

At these words a thought seemed to strike Phil. He hastily left the group and proceeded to the lower part of the island.

Mr. Gray—or Jack, as he preferred to

stretest watch in this direction.

But they might have other canoes, and it would not do to neglect the easterly waters.

"I must call your eyes in aid, miss, if I cannot your hands," said Jack, after stationing Captain Wilson behind a large oak near the head of the island, with di-

rections to fire on any object crossi the stream, whether he understood it not. "I will gladly do anything in my

power," Mass Amberly replied.
"I wish you to be behind this ridge. Bullets may be flying from the west, and it will protect you. You can, at the same time, keep a watch to the east. If you see anything crossing from that direction call me. I will be within hearing of your water.

she spoke.

You may keep the lady company, f don't think you would like to watch by don't thems you was the frightened re"No, indeed," was the frightened response, "I wouldn't for the world. I am
sponse, "I wouldn't now."

sponse, "I wouldn't for the world. I am trembling horribly now."

"Let it be done quietly, then. Make no noise, if you value your safety," said the scout earnestly.

He left them end walked over to where the cance had been fastened. It had disappeared.

With a quick impulse of alarm his eyes scanned the surface of the storam. No

With a quick impulse of alarm his eyes scanned the surface of the stream. No signs of the beat were visible. Without mentioning this suspicious circumstance to the others, he hastened to the lower end of the island, as rapidly

as the bushes would permit. It was a slender, jutting point, screened y a narrow line of bushes. A glance

pened. A short distance down the stream the Evi- light Imlian canoe, propelled by a single

"Would that be much of a task for the savages?" asked Captain Wilson. "No. I calculate that will be their next more. The stream narrows below and above here. If it weren't for that I'd take to the boat and run the gaunt-

When will the moon set?" asked Miss Amberly.

'Not before daylight,' said the scout.

'If it would only come up cloudy now.
There's a handful of mist up here to the

north. I wonder if it means anything. These remarks occupied two or three minutes, during which the boatman had turned and was rapidly forcing his light

tain," said the scout, in a somewhat re-proachful tone. "You would not make a good fighter. I must take a look for

'Is all safe?" asked the captain, join-

him.
"I don't know," he replied. "It is ich too quiet there — dangerously ict. There are three bloodthirty red quiet. There are three backins in that bit of woods. That signi-

fies mischief."
"They cannot hurt us while we are here and they there. I have good eyes. Not a rat can swim that water an-

Jack Gray shook his head with increas-

ing doubt.

"The moonlight is strong," he said.

"Take care you don't make yourself a target for an Indian bullet. Keep under cover of your tree—I must return to my

watching the western shore as he did so.
The thick growth of cane only permitted
an constant glimpse.
He had real cause for his uneasiness,
had he but known it. At that very

rowse, was recrossing to the eastern shore. It was evidently their only boat, and was returning to take over more of the saverges.

The saverge was making vigorous strokes with his caddie, for, tust below the island, and taking a direction to interest him, was the cance of the fugitives, proyed by the shilled awas of Phil Bawyer.

He was caused facing the bow, and making the vuter seeks with the powerful strokes of the two long our blacks in the saverge has digit and share health in the stream, and intreased his exertions, making his light erral fairly fit over the stream, and intreased his exertions, making his light erral fairly fit over the stream, and intreased his exertions, making his light erral fairly flow of the stream, and intreased his exertions, making his light erral fairly flow of the stream, and intreased his exertions, making his light erral fairly flow of the stream, and intreased his exertions, making his light erral fairly flow of the category hidden by the busines. But they were now hear the middle of the river, an eighth of a mile from either shore, and the builet of the savage were better than a single paddle, and he evidently gained on the chase.

Phil, without heeding this importent effort, continued to put all his strength to his oars. Only about forty yards now separated them.

The savage was heading down stream, but with a siant towards the savater whore. Phil was gaining, but too slowly

danger.
Their savage foe yet larked behind the nes, motionless and silent as death

Every movement of the defenders of the island was borne to his acute sense of hearing. He made no effort to see, He was content to hide his time until solithde, weariness, and the absence of apparent danger might relax their vigi-lance, and open to him some opportunity

He was well aware that his friends in

the was would patiently await his ac-tion—unless they should have reason to believe that he had been discovered. Thus a full hour passed. The moon rose higher and higher, and poured its hight more fully into the island recesses.

their station. They are in danger here."

With a quick step he advanced to the post assigned to Captain Wilson, and gazed long and anxiously towards the western shore, and over the intervening strong the canes. But, as he water.

"Is all safey" asked the points of view, could see the whole line of the shore and stream. His daty seemed more in compliment to himself than for any essential service. He thought of Miss Amberly, alone, or with only her frightened maid for com-

pany, perhaps suffering from deep but suppressed terror, perhaps in some un-

suppressed terror, pernag-known danger.

He could not rest longer on his post without seeing her. The scouts had no thought for female weakness and ner-rousness. It was his duty, as her com-tant to the control of the com-tant of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control rousness. It was his duty, as her com-panion, to not leave her so long alone under such fear-inspiring circumstances. He would be absent but five minutes, and nothing, visible to his eyes, could escape the vigilance of the scouts during that period.

that period.

He little dreamed that a pair of fierce eyes were fixed upon him at that moment, that a savage form had worked its way with infinite deliberation through the canes, and was now almost within reaching distance of him.

The first and oldest physicians made up their own medicines, and watched that they were duly administered to their patients. In progress of time, when medicine assumed a more scientific form, the physician instructed persons for the special purpose of collecting and dispeasing medicines. A thousand years before the birth of Christ, the Aselepiades pre-pared, in the temple Cos, vegetable exthe birth of Christ, the Asclepiaces pre-pared in the temple Cos, vegetable ex-tracts, cataplasms, potions, and salves, and their performances must be consid-ered as the first rudiments of pharmacy. On the other hand, those who, at the On the other hand, those who, at the same time, or even afterwards, sold medicines under the denomination of salvers, plainterists, medicine-mongers, and pharmacopoli, deserve not the name of pharmacoutists; they were nothing but columns trained mixture and the ut colormen, poison mixers, and nos

trum-mongers or quacks. SELF-RESPECT.—Teach a man to think meanly and contemptibly of himself, to east off all sense of character, and all insciousness of a superior nature, and noral persuasion can no more act upon uch a man than if he were dead. A man may be addicted to many vices, and yet here may be a hope of reclaiming him. but the moment he loses all sense of But the moment he loses all sense of character, and all consciousness of a su-perior nature—that is, the moment he begins to look upon himself and his vices as worthy of one another—that moment

IF we take a cold-blooded creature to our bosom, better that it should sting us at once and we should die, rather than that its chill should slowly steal into our ---

TRULY great men never become vul-garly intimate with each other. They sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak all round Olympus.

Ir matters not how often you f what you stoop for is worth ing up.

APTER ALL

BY GIPST WILDS. After all is past: Staby's laughter, childhood's r Youth's bright morning free fr All unique the world's great What is only at last?

After all to past;

ve, ambrides, and recome,
could it come to curse or bless;
pas we trembled to express—

What it come at last?

After all is past: Sorrow that remained for years, Heart-pains keen and burning to Duubus and watchings, joys and f What is ours at last?

After all it past:
Dreams too bright for us to trust,
Idols fallen to the dust,
Covered with sarrh's mould and rust—
What it ours at last? Then the real we shall see :

"I fancy she deserves more than I am likely to say, father."

"I shall be very unhappy, of course, to hear that any part of my conduct has excited your disapprobation," said Lady Clementina, disdainfully; "but you have my follows permission." my fullest permission to express your opinion openly. I only spoke in jest, just now; I could speak in earnest, if I

chose."

At this minute the gong sounded, and Lady Dacre rose, with a look of relief.

"Wilfred," she said, by way of separating the combatants, "you will give me your arm to-night, and let papa take the two girls. The Marquis of Dawford has so often honored us with his company of late, that I quite miss him. However, he will be here to luncheon to-morrow."

you like him, then?" inquired Wilfred, as they crossed the hall.
"Yes, very well, for an acquaintance."
"And for a son-in-law?"

"I prefer Mr. Carthen in that posi-"But don't you see that the marquis means to have Lina, if he can get her?"
"It looks like it, certainly."
"And would you sanction such a

"If Lina accept him, I have nothing to say."
"Poor child! She is persecuted to

Lady Dacre opened her eyes wide upon her son "My dear Wilfred, what do you mean?"

"My dear Willred, what do you mean?
Who persecutes Lina, pray?"
"Clementina."
"You must be mistaken. I never see anything of the kind."
"I do."

"I do."

"My dear Wilfred, if you remember, it always was your habit to see more than really existed."

If Lady Dacre had not been his mother, Wilfred would have retorted that it had always been her habit to see less than really existed; as it was, respect kept him siles.

really existed; as it was, respect kept him silent. And Lady Dacre began to help the soup, and forgot all about it. The next day the Marquis of Dawford

came early. He had determined to have his answer. He was getting tired of all this delay, and wanted the question settled. He was not a young and ardent wooer, but he fancied a young wife at the head of his table, and he wanted to get her with as little trouble as possible. Lady Clementina did all she could to encourage him and have him pattent; but the Marquis had made up his mind he would have a yes or no before he left that day.

He sent a message to Lina's room, that he would like to see her, if she would kindly grant him an interview.

And lef it was Lady Clementina who came, crossing the room with a stately step and smiling eyes.

The old marquis looked at her with admiration, and almost wondered that he had nof thought of her instead of Lady Lina, who was only a pretty child after all.

"Lina has such a terrible headache," and seek alleviation, and, it hop, ultimate cure, in the great world. Your futer brother, and Clementina, in her most dulcet voice, "she is lying down for a time. I advised

the marquisthe marquis—
"Oh, pray—pray don't let us have anything more about the marquis!" said Lina, petulantly. "I actually shudder when I hear his name."
"The fact is, Lina, you are prejudiced acquist him."

against him."

That is quite true, and, therefore, it think of him

would be wrong of me to think of him sharply. for a husband."
"One is not a natural sequence to the other, by any means. You dislike Lord Dawford now, porhaps, or pretend to do so. When you really know him, you will regard him with very different feelings."

"I don't want to know him better,

"I don't want to know him better, and I am quite satisfied with my present feelings towards him."

"Lina, you really annoy me."

"Then why discuss the subject, that is all. It was none of my seeking."

"Because I want to spare you shame. Mr. Carthen is watching this little drama with a kind of triumph and curiosity that is specially disagreeable to me. He says that you will not marry the marquis, and I want you to "appoint him. I don't see why you should flatter his vanity by refusing such a grand match for his sake."

"Why must it necessarily be for his

"Why must it necessarily be for his sake?" said Lina, faintly.
"That is too evident—evident to all.
When Beauchamp introduced me to Dr.
Robinson as his future wife, what do you think he said."
"How should I have all."

think he said?"

"How should I know?"

"He said, 'I am afraid there is one little lady at the Park who will break her heart over these tidings. Every one could see that she expe-ted something of this kind herself."

"How shamefully insolent?"

"People will talk; you can't stop that. The only thing is to give them as little occasion as possible."

"I never gave them any. I merely

"I never gave them any. I merely received Mr. Carthen's attentions; I did

And the second of the property of the property

dropped the golden mass stung her, and it fell sweeping over Lina's white drossing-gown like a mantle. Lady Clementina turned away, sick with

Lady Clementan turned survey.

"If you don't really mind, Fanny may as well do it. I shall only be solling my hands for nothing,"

"Did you ring?"

"No," answered Lady Clementina, Lina rose herself then, with uncon-scious dignity, and gave the necessary summons. There was not a word spoken until Fanny appeared, and then Lady lementina swept out, and was gone. Lina wondered a little what had pro-

duced this sudden change in her sister; and then, her mind being full of her own troubles, she thought no more about it. Fanny did her best with her young mistress' toilette, but she could not hide matress tolette, but she could not mee
the look of pain and sorrow in the blue
cyes, or remove the deep purple rings
that encircled them. But a headache is
always a good excuse for such appearances, and Lina comforted herself that
the month representation. this would prove a sufficient explai

The marquis handed her a chair with officious gallantry when she entered, and inquired after her headache in a tone of the softest solicitude.

Lina answered quietly that it was better.

Lina answers to the total tota

The old marquis looked infinitely lighted.
It signified assuredly that she would not say him nay, presently, when he asked the momentous question which was to decide her fate and his.
It seemed to Lina that they were a long time at table! She longed for, and yet dreaded, this interview—longed to have it over, dreaded to speak the irrerocable words which must never be recalled. But since it had to be done, the sooner the better, for the excitement of even this brief suspense, and the agony of her

mind, were almost intolerable. She fancied that she should be easier when it was done, and she yearned for Mr. Carthen to know that his wishes had been gratified, and he would have the pleasure of seeing her cured of all affection for her "tuture brother," and that right speedily. She wrote him a few lines later, and gave the note to Clementina to enclose in her own. In this she told him, indignantly, that she rejected his counsels in lote, and should act as regarded Lord Dawford exactly as inclination prompted her. This she signed, "Your future sister-index, Lina Dacre."

It pleased Lady Clementina to send

exactly as inclination prompted her. This she signed, "Your future sister-in-low, Lina Dacre."

It pleased Lady Clementina to send this letter just as it was, because Lina had only just said what Mr. Carthen might see, and would expect to see, from all she had told him. If there had been one single word that could betray her, we may be sure that it would not have gone.

When luncheon was over the marquis went up to Lina, and, bowing down be-

gone.

When luncheon was over the marquis went up to Lina, and, bowing down before her, said:

elaim the fulfilment of your promise, Lady Lina. The sun is warm on the terrace; will you walk with me there a little while?"

"I will fetch my hat and cloak," she "I will fetch my hat and closs," sine replied; and thankful even for this brief respite, shut and locked herself in her own room, and then conscientiously destroyed every memento she had preserved of her old sweet love. There was only of her old sweet love. There was only me thing she kept that could remind her of Mr. Carthen, and that was the letter he had received from him that day. She wanted this to keep her true to her resolution; to show her the utter folly of clinging to the past. This done, she went down bravely to meet her future ausband.

The marquis was waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs; and, offering her his arm, he led her out upon the terrace.

Lady Clementina, breathless and eager, or her old sweet love. There was only one thing she kept that could remind her of Mr. Carthen, and that was the letter she had received from him that day. She wanted this to keep her true to her resolution; to show her the utter folly of clinging to the past. This done, she went down bravely to meet her future husband.

"I am afraid I should make your lordship but a poor wife."
"Why should you?"
"Because, my lord, I think it right to
tell you that I have no heart to give you.
Of course, I will try and do my duty; but
where I fail, you must make allowance,
remembering that I am but young, and
the world is all new to me."
"My dear Lina, why not wait until I
complain before you make such excuses?"
"Because you ought to know everything that concerns me, as you have done

thing that concerns me, as you have done me the honor of asking me to be your

I have no questions to ask."

"I have no questions to ask."
"But you have quite understood me?"
"I believe so. You tell me that you have no heart to give me; but I am willing to wait, trusting that all will come right in time."
"You are very kind."
They walked back in silence. Line

back in silence. Lina

They walked back in silence. Lina was trying to command herself; the marquis was enjoying his little triumph, and wondering whether Lina would be satisfied with the family diamonds as they were, and so save him the expense of having them reset.

He was not an amiable character, assuredly—not half worthy of that tender, earnest, conscientious young creature, whom Lady Clementina, by cruel artifices, had caused to sacrifice herself to him; but he fancied, nevertheless, that he was doing Lady Lina an immense

lessly, as if longing to make her escape.

In her passionate repulsion, she suddenly snatched her hand out of his grasp. The dark, eager face's the window overbead became suddenly very pale and stern.

But Lord Dawford, who was both value of the state of the state

But Lord Dawford, who was both vain and obtuse, and, therefore, could not realize all that this action implied,

not realize all that this action implied, took it back into his keeping, and murmured, in his most persuasive accents:

"May I dare to fix this day month?"

"Oh, no," she began, and then checked herself suddenly.

If it must be, it was as well over.

"You will not refuse me?" he said.

Lina gathered together all her courage, and answered him steadily:

"My lord, it shall be as you wish."

"My sweetest girl!" he muttered; and drawing her towards him, kissed her

drawing her towards him, kissed her

There was no more room for doubt now; and so the curtain fell suddenly back into its place, and the dark face at the window disappeared.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Old Mark was fined; and as he could not pay the fine, he was, of course, sent to prison in default. This, and the fact of Nat's peril, entirely broke his spirit. When the prison doors were open to him, he stood lingering on the threshhold,

him, he stood lingering on the threshhold, irresolute.

Where was he to go now?

If he went back to his solitary home, there was no one to welcome him—none to bring him food. It was hard for a man to be forced to starve in the midst of plenty; but he saw no other prospect. Even if he could have got work now, he would hardl; have had strength to do it; for this one fortnight had made old Mark look and feel twenty years older. The bright color had been washed out of his cheeks; the keen eye was dull; the lips drawn down at the corners. Altogether he was so altered, that Milly, who met him by the way, could hardly realize that it was the same person.

She came up to him with her hand extended frankly. Did it become her to

the grave.
Old Mark did not understand how to Old Mark did not understand how to comfort the girl; still, he remembered that when his wife died, he tortured himself with the notion that he had been harsh to her, though her last words were, "You've been a good husband to me, Mark; I wish we might have had a little longer time to gether." And so, perhaps, it might please Milly to hear that other people had felt the same as her. He told her this little story with a kind of rough pathos, which, coming from

aband.

The marquis was bettom of the stain, see bottom of the stain, seer his arm, he led her out seerace.

Lady Clementina, breathless and eager, knelt by her own window, and watched. She had the edge of the curtain in her hand, and raised it slightly, in order that she might be able to see all that was passing below.

The marquis was described in the town to day, as I came on the day, as I came on the town to day, as I came on the day, a

Mark?"
He shook his head dubiously.
"It's just bred in me, Miss Milly, and there's no denying of it. But they took me at the wrong time. I wasn't doing much harm then, only taking a bird home for the next day's dinner, the cupboard being bare."

for the next day's dinner, the cupboard being bare."

"You weren't starving, Mark?"

"Pretty near it, Miss Milly—pretty near! If it hadn't been that we found victuals on the table one night, in a very mysterious way, I don't believe but what we should have been dead and gone by this—both of us."

"I took you more the next night, but you were away then."

"Was it you, Miss Milly?"

"Why, to be sure, Mark! I thought you would certainly guess."

"No; we thought it was a spirit. There had been some rather odd things happen before that, and we put it down

happen before that, and we put it down to the same; although Nat did say, too, that the ale had a taste of your last brewing."

"Fancy being taken for a spirit!" said

"Fancy being taken for a spirit: said Milly, with the first smile on her sweet lips that had visited them for many a long day. "I never dreamt of remain-ing undiscovered. I thought you would be certain that it could be no other than

be certain that it could be no other than me."

"And you brought the second lot, too! It was good and noble of you, Miss Milly; but if I had known, I would have asked you to speak a word for me at the trial. I excused myself by saying I was starving; but when the keepers got to the cottage, and found a good supper set, they wouldn't believe me, of course, and so it went harder with me to him; but he fancied, nevertheless, that he was doing Lady Lina an immense honor by asking her in marriage, and settling on her some of the immense fortune which he had accumulated. He meant to tie it up in such a way, however, that she should only enjoy a small part of it if she married again. But he pretended to be vastly amiable now. Pressing the cold little fingers against the important of his heart, he asked, in a suasive whisper, when Lady Lina would give him it for his very own.

"Very know," he said, "I am too old state of the lad."

to a man who has just come out of prison for stealing."

"True; there's the principle all the same. You wouldn't like to have anything taken from you, you had been at the trouble to roar, even if it were a common bird you had caught out of the hedge, and taken a fancy to."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if there was two sides to the question," answered old Mark, drearily; "but it doesn't signify now, if the lad were to get off. But there's no chance of that. It's odd, Miss Milly, but twice I dreamt I saw Nat standing on the scaffold, with the noose round his neck, and the people groaning and hissing below. It was all noose round his neck, and the people groaning and hissing below. It was all as natural as life, Miss Milly; only," and he lowered his voice to a whisper, "I haven't dreamt it three times yet, and I dread to go to bed for fear I should."
"But thinking of it all day would very likely make you dream of it at night."
"I shouldn't wonder; only I can't halo."

I shouldn't wonder; only I can't help

"I shouldn't wonder; only I can't help it. You see, when you have only got one, it comes hard to have to part with him."

"Ah, it does, indeed, Mark," she answered, with true sympathy. "Only you must try, or rather we must both try, to hope that they will get off. My heart is as much bound up in the issue of that trial as yours is. I lose everything, too, if I lose Herbert Benson."

"Then it is all come right between you, if it isn't too great a liberty to ask?"

ask?"

"I am keeping the farm on for him," she said, with a faint smile on her sweet lips. "If he gets free, he will come here as master, and I shall stay, too."

"That would be a bonny day for Lansdown, Miss Milly."

"They used to like him," said Milly, rather bitterly; "but they are all against him now."

him now."
"That's the way of the world, you

heart that ever beat. He sinned for my sake."
Old Mark started a little, but as she did not mean to tell him her secrets, she turned the subject speedily.
"Now," she said, "let us talk about you, Mark. Will you come to work on the farm?"
"I don't expect you'd have me, Miss Milly."

Milly."

"Yes, I would; the only thing is, I must be able to tell people that you have given up poaching."

"I think I'm harmless enough, now, the fire is gone out of

Miss Milly. All the fire is gone out of my veins, and there is ice in its place. I don't expect I shall give any more of-I don't expect I shall give any more offence, unless temptation gets too strong
for me; and then I'll promise you faithfully that if I go poachin' over night, I'll
come and give you warning myself the
next morning."

"Very well; then we shall expect you
to-morrow. And, Mark, I am afraid
your cupboard is empty at home?"

"Ah, Miss Milly, the cupboard is bare,
and the hearth cold."

"Come back home with me, then."

Milly's great sorrow had made her
so tender and pitiful, that at the very
thought of this man's desolate home and
empty purse, her heart melted within
her.

She took him within her own kitchen-She took him within her own kitchen— caring nought what the world might say— and there she fed and warmed him, and cheered him with soft words. Old Mark, looking at her, as the glow of the fire reddened her cheeks, brightened her eyes, and gave sudden brief animation to her face, thought that no angel could be more lovely.

e more lovely.

And old Mark eat his fill, and was thankful.

At eight o'clock he went home, and
Milly opened the door for him with her
own hands, and bade him good night

own hands, and bade him good night quietly.

"And mind," she said, "if you dream about that again to-night, you mustn't be frightened, because it will be only that you have talked and thought about

that you have talked and thought about it all day."
In the yard, old Mark encountered Tommy Wilson. He had a lantern in his hand, as if he had just come out of the cow-lodge, and by its light the old poacher could see that the idiot's face had wasted, and grown very wan of late. He looked at the other very wistfully, and his lips moved strangely, seeming to shape words that might never find utterance. He followed old Mark a little way, as if he were struggling with some sense or feeling within him that would fain have had vent; for his features were contorted, and his mouth curved low at sense or reeing within him that would fain have had vent; for his features were contorted, and his mouth curved low at the corners. But even if he could have found some way of relieving himself, he did not choose; for as old Mark turned down the lane towards his cottage. Tommy looked after him, with the old wistful expression that the other had recognized before, and then leaped over the wall into the yard, and disappeared.

The trial of Herbert Benson had to wait, for over two months he and Nat languished in prison; and Milly, who dared not ask to see him yet, though she longed, above all things, to show him the paper her father had written and signed just before his death, felt as if the suspouse and dread were almost killing her.

"Only I will live," she said, to her-

and he would make her his wife, she said to him, gently, yet proudly, "my lord, the misunderstanding that existed between Mr. Benson and myself is now entirely removed, and I belong to him, living or dead." and he would make her his wife, she

Oh, Milly, reflect!" he urged. "Even if Mr. Benson should get off, there will be a taint on his name which nothing can ever wash away; and, I offer you a high position, the share of my title, and love greater than his ever could have

and love greater than his ever could have been."

"Ah, my lord," she said, faintly, "Herbert Benson has done more for me than you could ever do; and if he dies, I shall know that he died for me."

"You are infatuated, he answered, almost fercely. "If he dies, it will be because the law finds that he took Flax's life."

"You don't understand," she said, "but I know."
"I understand that he is accused of formurder, and, moreover, is very likely to improve the control of the contr

be convicted."

His jealousy made him speak with rude candor, and Milly turned upon him "Thank you," she said, "for speak-ing as you have done, I liked you before: now I hate you."
"Milly."
"But she made biy a stately how and

But she made him a stately bow, and But she made him a stately bow, and disappeared into old Nanny's cottage. All his efforts were unsuccessful in ob-taining another interview after this; for at the sight of him in the distance she would dart away like a frightened fawn, and shut herself up in her own house for the rest of the day.

and shut herself up in her own house for the rest of the day.

Meanwhile, old Mark kept steadily to work. People blamed her for encouraging him, she knew; and even Mr. Benson, Herbert's father, who came now often to talk of his son to the only person who believed in him as he did, told her that from every point of view her act of charity had been a mistake.

"But why?" she asked.

"You

see." "Then I hate the world," she answered, passionately. "Trouble always draws me closer to those I love." "Because, my dear," he said, "when you give evidence at the trial, the judge haven't you? "I meant will point out that you have an evident "I meant the property of the property

show pride towards this poor old man, twh had just been released from the rate foreake a falling house, and at guishing?

"Ah Miss Milly!" he said, in a melanguishing?

"An imal nature, but not human nature, but not human nature, surely, Mark."

"Aru't they the same, then?" had hold man, unconscious of epigram.
"I show so was the same protection of the same of your meighbors just because they happen to be unfortunate."

Old Mark recognized his imprisonment as a misfortunate."

"I hope not," answered Milly, quietly.
"I am the last person in the world to hard upon others."

"I don't see that, Miss Milly for don't believe you ever did a wicked thing in all your life."

"I don't see that, Miss Milly, for don't believe you ever did a wicked thing in all your life."

"Oh, yes; over and over again! I disobeted poor papa, and gave him painlik not the cyles of t

we'll so far."

"Ah, well; you haven't tried him long."

"I think you are wrong there. Old Mark means well, and there is a certain rough frankness about him which is taking. I would give anything to make him respectable, and keep him so."

Then the subject dropped. The next morning, the bailiff missed old Mark from his work at the usual hour, and came to acquaint Milly of the fact as soon as she had risen.

"Let one of the men go to his cottage and see. I am afraid he must be ill."

"He was all right last night."

"Yes, I know; but old men are sometimes taken suddenly, and he has a good deal of trouble, remember, lately."

"Touble of his own making," grumbled the bailiff, who had no sympathy for old Mark, and was ashamed that he should be working on the farm which he managed. "If he had brought the lad up properly, he wouldn't have served him in this way."

"That's true, Meak; but do any of us

managed. "If he had brought the last up properly, he wouldn't have served him in this way."

"That's true, Meak; but do any of us do our exact duity?"

"That's all right," replied Meak, relenting. "Only folks talk so about our having him here to work."

"They may say what they like," said Milly, with spirit.

"Just as you like," he answered, looking a little abashed, "I will send one of the men directly."

Ital' way between the farm and old Mark's cottage, the messenger found the man he was going in search of, sitting in the hedge, hanging his head dejectedly, and whisting softly to himself.

"Hallo, Mark!" he shouted; "you are just the man I want."

The old poacher started, and turned scarlet.

What do you want me for?"

"The mistress sent me after you. She hought you was ill, because you didn't ome to work this morning." "No, I ain't ill," he said, confusedly.

"Then what's up?"
"I am going to see Miss Milly," replied old Mark, clearly evading the question. "All I've got to say, I shall tell her."
"You are grumpy this morning, it

eems!"

"Maybe I am."

"Maybe I am."

The lad laughed a little, and went back to his work, leaving old Mark to follow. When the latter reached the farm, he was ushared, by a diadainful maid, into Milly's own little parlor.

"Well, Mark!" she said, pleasantly, "Unes affeld you ware ill."

I was afraid you were ill.

"I was afraid you were ili."
"No, Miss Milly."
"Then what kept you away this morning? You are so regular generally."
Old Mark turned his head on one side, struggling with some feeling; and then he said, in a stifled voice:
"It's no use, Miss Milly—no use. I have tried, harder than you've a notion, but it's in my blood, somehow; and, though you may starve it out, it comes again directly I get my strength back. I thought I had got myself out of it—I did, indeed. But it wasn't a bit of use. Here I am, as bad as ever—and after all

did, indeed. But it wasn't a bit of use. Here I am, as bad as ever—and after all my promises, too!"

Old Mark's wistful penitence—his self-distrust—would have been almost comical, if they had not heen so touching.

"Tell me what tempted you?"

"Well, I was going along home last night, and just as I got to the turn of the wood, I saw as pretty a covey of birds get up as any one could wish to set eyes on. My blood began to dance a little; but I held off, then, Miss Milly, upon my word, although it had given men notions I didn't want to know any-thing about again. I went in-doors as quick as I could, and got my supper, and was just forgetting all about the birds, when they came and settled in the

"Because you wasn't born a sports-man; but, you see, unfortunately, I

was."

"The more the pity."

"That's right, Miss Milly!" said the old peacher, humbly. "It's what may be called a curse to have such a failing as that. The only thing is how are you to get rid of it when it's once come?"

"You see, Mark, if you had resisted temptation last night, you would have found it easier the next time; but, having once given way, I'm afraid there's no chance for you."

once given way, I marraid there's no chance for you."

"I don't wonder at your thinking so, Miss Milly, il looks bad, doesn't it? only somehow, I've had such an uncomfortable feeling ever since I did it, that I fancy the recollection of it would cool my ardor next time. However, I don't ask you to look over it and I won't next. ask you to look over it, and I won't make ask you to look over it, and I won't make any more promises, because you won't believe me if I did. Only, I've brought the birds, Miss Milly. There was two went down, as pretty a shot as ever you saw; but if I was to eat a mouthful it would choke me, knowing what they

Very well, then; leave them here, and "Go to work!"
Old Mark stared at her incredulously, repeating the words slowly—"Go to

Yes, you are late this morning, and Meak is busy."
"You haven't forgot about the pro-

mise?"
"No; you have given me warning, "I meant to."

German girls may not be so handsome or so clever as Americans, but they generally look healthy and fresh, and they have "Hauslichkeit." Now there is no other quality that German men of the middle class prize in their wives as "Hauslichkeit." Now there is no other quality that German men of the middle class prize in their wives as "Hauslichkeit." Now there is no other quality that German men of the middle class prize in their wives as "Hauslichkeit." To domesticity. Look through the popular literature of the country, romance and poetry, and it will appear that this is the sum of wifely virtues. The young girls are very care fully trained in this respect by their mothers, and at the age at which they marry they are nearly always equal to the domestic duties of their position. They know how to knit men's hose, and to deal out rations to the sorvants. In the intite parties at the beer house or garden the young lady is expected to make the necessary display of her domestic accomplishments, aided, of course, by judicious hints from the mother. If the objective man be an industrious artizan or thrifty tradeshan, the maided drinks sparingly of beer, cats a piece of ham or sansage instead of a befisteak, and knits on some useful and substantial garment. If he be a banker's son, be longing, say, one grade higher socially, but attracted by a pretty face, the tactics are different. The girl is permitted to be a little more forward. Instead of knitting she works at some light embroidery; she takes not only a beefsteak, but a beefsteak and champignons; she chatters work of infantry, the movement for the rich "catches" is more like a cavalry charge. An observant young man can generally tell by the second evening at the beer garden if he has found favor with the mother. If, on his appearance the second evening at the mother, left, on his appearance the second evening at the beer garden if he has found favor with the mother. He, on his appearance the second evening at the twenty of the proportion of the moment, he knows at once but attracted by a pretty face, the tactics are different. The girl is permitted to be a little more forward. Instead of knitting she works at some light embroidery; she takes not only a beefsteak, but a beefsteak aux champignons; she chatters a good deal about the opera, and even about Renz's Circus; and in short her whole manner is lighter and freer.

If the first class of candidates are to be captured by the steady, persistent work of infantry, the movement for the rich "catches" is more like a cavalry charge. An observant young man can generally tell by the second evening at the beer garden if he hus found favor with the mother. If, on his appearance the second evening at the rendezvous, the second evening at him a place beside

worse than that, if he be himself indiffer-ent, he knows that a sharp matron is filling his path with traps and pitfalls. Perhaps the most interesting scene is a mother who, at a public place like that, has three or four daughters to adjust has three or four daughters to adjust among as many ardent and reluctant suitors. We can compare it to nothing but a cook watching half a dozen beef-steaks in different degrees of prepara-tion. From the pair who are most ad-vanced in their wooing, and may be left pretty much to themselves, to the pair who least harmonize, and consequently need the most discreet attention and encouragement—from the one of these ex-tremes to the other, along the interme-diate grades of comubial readiness, the care of this watchful mother ranges and

operates.

The young ladies play their parts de The young ladies play their parts demurely, but with a good deal of skill. In default of a public announcement of a betrothal, people in the habit of watching the actors from evening to evening may tell by one infallible sign when the happy climax is reached. As soon as the swain begins to pay the young lady's reckoning in addition to his own, depend on it they are engaged. Up to that time the maid-en's Gansebraten has been reckoned at part of it if she married again. But he pretended to be vastly amiable now. Pressing the cold little fingers against than it might have done. But I dare han it might have done. But I dare have han it might have done. But I dare have han it might have done. But I dare have han it might have done. But I dare have there to well met han it might have done. But I dare have there to well mistage if it wasn't the very same come him out of prison, and comfort for all his sorrow."

And so her noble faith endured always, and her love suffered no change. Once she met Lord Oakland in walking to old Nanny's cottage, near which he began by declaring to old Nanny's cottage, near which he began by declaring to old Nanny's cottage, near which he often wasted about in hopes of seeing to work m them birds rising on the wing, and not to bring one or two of 'em down, if your could? You'd have itched to do it your self, Miss Milly, if you had been there I'm sure you would?"

"But I should have remembered my promise, Mark, I think."

"All the time they was sitting, but not when they rose, Miss Milly." he answered, decidedly.

"I can't understand it's being a pleasure to kill any thing, Mark, and that is the truth."

"Because you wasn't born a sportsman; but, you see, unfortunately, I was."

"Because you wasn't born a sportsman; but, you see, unfortunately, I was." least until after the marriage. Young people engaged are expected to pass three hundred and sixty-five evenings a year in each other's society. If they belong to the middle or poorer classes this pheleast until after the marriage nomenon is generally witnessed at cheap beer-houses and gardens, varied in sur mer by an occasional rural excursion.

If they have a more exalted position in
the social scale, there will generally be
facilities for entertaining the victim at
the home of the intended; and for beerrice nome of the intended; and for beer-gardens they will now and then substi-tute a concert or a play. But the full quota of evenings is always rigorously exacted. Perhaps the most delicate sit-nation for an anxious suitor is when the mother is indifferent, or, with a little judicious matronly coquetry, knowing that he is anxious, pretends to be indifferent This stratation exacts from the candidate the most careful behavior, especially late in the evening after beer, when the mo-ther is likely to be sleepy and tired, and even irritable. One false step then may rain all.

> THE most likely of our thoughts have no relation to any words; at certain times we think as if there were no such thing as language.

IF you wish success in life, make per severance your bosom friend, experience your wise councillor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

UNFRIENDED indeed is he who has no friend bold enough to point out his faults. dinary attendant of ignorance,

ELMENAL AND DONE THE

TAINTED MEAT. - A handful of brown sugar, thrown upon the hot oven bottom, while the ment is cooking, will relieve it of any bad odor caused by taint.

of any bad odor caused by taint.

REMEDY FOR CORMS.—A very simple remedy for these painful things is said to be a good coat of gum arable mucilage every evening before going to bed.

MAKING GOOD PASTE.—Mix two tablespoonfuls of wheat flour with cold water to a smooth paste by putting in but little of the water at a time; its consistency must be a little thinner than the thickening for stews; place it upon the fire to heat through without boiling; apply it with a small brush. It is best to make it as needed, though a small piece of alum will keep it from turning sour.

GOOD AND CHEAP BEDS.—Take any

will keep it from turning sour.
GOOD AND CHEAT BEDS.—Take any kind of clean paper, except straw wrappings, and roll or fold it so it can be cut with one clip of the shears, then cut it. The narrower it is cut the better it is. These dippings are like little curls or rings of paper, and lie almost as light as feathers. They will not break up and grow line and dusty, but are clean, and can be stirred as light as when first used.

HE REVIEWED REVIEWED

FROM D. M. BENNETT, 335 Broadway. Now York: "The Heathens of the Heath;" a theological romance, by Wil-liam McDonnell.

FROM COLLINS & M'LEESTER, Phila-FROM COLLINS & M'LEESTER, Philadelphia: "The Proof Sheet," for November, 1874. A very interesting number, containing an article on Washington Irving's travels in England, accompanying an autograph letter to Engene H. Munday, Esq., specimens of calendars for 1875, and miscellany.

FROM W. B. ZIERER, Chestnut street, Philadelphia: "The British Oparterly.

FROM W. B. ZIEBER, Chestrut street, Philadelphia: "The British Quarterly Review," for October, 1874 (republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York). This number contains several articles of unusual interest, and eighty pages are devoted to notices of new books.

FROM CLANTON, REMBEN & HAPPEL FROM CLASTON, REMBER & HAPPEL-FINGER, and SMITH, ENGLISH & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia: "Strength and Beauty," by Mark Hopkins, D. D. A volume of discussions intended for the benefit of young men, on a great variety of subjects, for which we would bespeak a careful perusal. And "What Might Have Been Expected," by Frank R. Stockton, author of "Roundabout Ram-bles," "Ting a Ling," etc. A very pleasant tale for children; with illustra-tions by Sol Ettynge, Sheppard, and others. Published by Dodd & Mead tions by Sol Ettynge, Sheppard, and others. Published by Dodd & Mead, others. Pr New York.

New York.

From Clanton, Remsen & Haffel-finger, Philadelphia, the following works published by Sheldon & Co., New York: "Losing to Win," by Theodore Davies. A novel presenting many curi-ous phases of life, womens' rights move-ments, strikes, &c., well worked up. "Linkey Bochford," by Justin McCarthy, author_of "Lady Judith," "A Fair Saxon," etc. Mr. McCarthy's reputa-tion as a novelist is so firmly established tion as a povelist is so firmly established that any story from his pen will be read with avidity. "My Life on the Plains; or, Personal Experiences with Indians." A very interesting, and at the same time instructing narrative, by General G. A. Custer, U.S. A., giving a great deal of valuable information regarding the In-dian tribes, and the all important Indian

THE HUMAN RACE,-Much has been said about the degeneracy of our age. it is thought that we have lost the vigor and strength of our forefathers, and are growing weak and sickly. But statisties, growing weak and sickly. But statistics, carefully gathered, tell a very different story. The average size of Englishmen is larger than it was three centuries ago, for the armor worn by the knights of that time cannot be put on to-day, save by small men. The average duration of life is also longer. Accurate registers have been kept in Geneva since 1560. The average of life was then only twenty-two years and six months; it is now over forty years, or nearly double. In France, four hundred years ago, the annual mortality in Paris was one in sixnual mortality in Paris was one in sixthen; now it is one in thirty two, which shows about the same ratio in Geneva. In England, two centuries ago, the annual mortality was one in thirty-three, now it is one in forty-two. It is pleasant to know that the world is improving, and that the vigor and health of our race are gaining steadily, instead of declining.

To be covetous of applause discovers a slender merit, and self-conceit is the or-



Saturday Evening, Nov. 28, 1874.

Vol. 54, Wo. 18 .-- Contents.

First Page,

— The Coming Deatleman Dick; or,
the Oranse of the

Pace to Face, cont.d.
Reviewer,
Roseller Face,
Rose

Plays.

Plighted in Perti, or The Lone Star or Twent, Chapter IV. V. Second Fage.

Plighted in Perti, on three sides of the Perti. No. 12. Cons. The Proceedings for the Star of the Star

READ

PLIGHTED IN PERIL:

The Lone Star of Texas.

WITH the commencement of this powerful and brilliant Indian romance, we take occasion to indicate to our readers a parties of our PROGRAMME for the approaching winter.

Since April last, when the POST passed into the hands of the present Editor and Proprietor, neither labor nor expense have been spared to make it the VERY BEST Literary and Family Paper published. New life and vigor have been infused into the old favorite; the best writers now contribute to its columns, and the reading matter, illustrations and typographical appearance are equal to the very best. The POST during the coming year will contain a larger fund of instruction, amusement ntertainment than can be procured, for the same terms, in any other

We thus early announce the following Serials from old and well-known favorites of admitted ability and popularity:

THE LOST DIAMOND. By Margaret M. Hosmer, Author of "A Mystery of the Reef."

ANOLD MAN'S DARLING,

By Millie W. Carpenter, Author of "Such Sucei Serrow," Etc.

FORTRUE LOVE'SSAKE. By Rett Winwood,

Anthor of "The Ebony Cashet," Etc.

Powerful writers, new to the columns of the Powt, have also been secured, and will follow in rapid succession. The following is only a partial list of those whose contributions will enrich our columns during the year 1875;

CHARLES MORRIS. Author of "Plighted in Peril," etc.

an Dick," etc. AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

MARY E. WOODSON, Wrung from the Grave."

H. REBAK.

ELIZABETH MORRISON, Author of "A Hidden Wrong."

CAPTAIN CARNES, Author of "Ked Kelly; or, The Free

In addition to the above a series of highly interesting

"PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE,"

Law, Medicine, and Social Science, written in a pleasant, familiar and instructive style by gentlemen who are acknowledged authorities on the several topics discussed, and whose names we

shall shortly appounce.

Our Special Departments-THE BOU-BOIR, containing the very latest FASHION news presented in most attractive form; FAIRIRS' COLUMN and OUR OWN SPHINA, ever failing sources of instruction and

FOR THE LITTLE POLKS.

NEWS OF INTEREST, THE REVIEWER, NEW PUBLICATIONS, PACETIA, and the CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU, containing solid and valuable instruction given in Answers to ALL Inquiners upon almost m which can be presented svery ques

AMERICA SHALL ALSO BE THE BEST.

1875!

ABOUT POSTAGE, CLUB RATES, TERMS, ETC.

Heretofore the postage on the Poet has been twenty cents a year, payable in advance, quarterly, by the subscriber, at the office where the paper was received. Under the new Postal Law, which goes into operation on the first of January next, the amount of postage must be pre-paid weekly, by the publisher, at the post fee in this city.

Many leading publications have been increased in price, and the clubbing rates of most of them materially changed or the coming year.

As the Post has probably a larger mail circulation than any other of the first-class literary weeklies, the new law will entail upon us a very heavy outlay, without any return whatever, as we have determined not to increase our subscrip tion price, even to club subscribers. make this announcement thus early in order to give our old friends in the country, who desire to form clubs, the benefit thereof; and hope they will call the attention of their neighbors to the fact, and say to them that the Post, a large eight page journal, printed on fine white paper, beautifully illustrated, con-

the following terms: To Single Subscribers.—One copy, four months, \$1.00; one copy, six months, \$1.50; one copy, one year, \$3.00.

taining PORTY-RIGHT columns of the

choicest reading matter, will be sent, POSTAGE PAID BY Us, to any address, on

To Clubs .- Four copies, one year, post paid, to one address, \$10; which is \$2.50 per copy. Eight copies, one year, for \$20.00; and an additional copy, free, to any one remitting that

it might are might at reason have made his inquiries in the usual way, and not at the open window, where I sat. "This is not Gerald Welch's." "Next door, maybe?" came in harsh, guttural sounds from the lips of my

was quite out of patience then. even the next door, nor the door "Not even the next door, nor the door beyond that, nor any in the neighbor-hood, to my knowledge, are Gerald Welch's," I replied.

"Umph!" said the man, sharply.
"You don't know him, I reckon!"

"I have not!"—the pleasure of his ac-quaintance, I was about to add, but I

quaintance, I was about to add, but I happened to observe once more the harsh features of my questioner, so I stopped short, and changed the form of my reply. "I do not," I truthfully said.

"That's unfortunate," said the man. (Strange to say, I did not quite agree with him.) "Do you take boarders?"

"I don't, "I said, again; and immediately referred him to the lady whose son John was recently married thinking ton. n was recently married, thinking thus e rid of my loquacious friend. Beg pardon; I'm a stranger," said

the man, with a leer, restinger, and upon the window-sill, and peering oddly into my room (as if it was possible that Mr. Gerald Welch might be hidden there, after all). "So you don't know Gerald Welch might be hidden there after all).

'I never even heard of him," I acknowledged.
"I'm his son," the fellow continued—

"has son and her."
He grinned knowingly, evidently expecting me to congratulate him; but I was too thankful to know that he was anybody's heir but mine, to make any of "Bound by a Spell," etc. "Well, Mr. Welch," I said, at last,

Author of "Bound by a Speil," etc.

FRANK CARROLL,
Author of "The Heir of Glendale."

LOUISA CROW,
Author of "Esther's Secret," etc.

ELIZABETH MORRISON,

Well, Mr. Welch," I said, at last,
"I regret that I cannot inform you as to
the whereabouts of your father; but,
perhaps, if you inquire elsewhere..."
"Yes," he replied, impudently, "he'll
turn up somewhere. I'm in no hurry,"
I briefly informed him that, just then,

I was too busily engaged to continue the In one of my earlier studies I remarked

Author of "Red Kelly or, The Free Riders of the Plains," etc.

"BLUE JACKET."

FREDERICK B. MILLA, DB. GRIFFITHS, CHENTER LINCOLN, CHENTER LINCOLN, M. WATSON PLEMENA, FREDERICK B. SERMERANT, MYBILE BLOSON, IDA FAY, of my window several times, to my an-

of my window several times, to my an-noyance and disgust, he made a feint of recognizing some one, and finally crossed the street, and addressed himself to one of the forlorn and hopeless-looking indi-viduals whom I had so often noticed there exists there is accepted.

of the viduals whom I had be there gazing upon vacancy.

They stood chatting and laughing for, haur, and made many They stood chatting and laughing for perhaps, half an hour, and made many needless references to my window, as pernaja, hair an hour, and made many needless references to my window, as I judged by their geatures—so I supposed the seedy man, with whose face and figure I was familiar, was the all-import-ant Gerald Welch, respecting whom the other had inquired.

ant Gerald Welch, respecting whom the other had inquired.

Presently they were joined by others, and, after a while, the whole tribe adjourned to the saloon, where they remained some time—much to my relief, for I grew tired of wondering what their occupation could be, that they could lead this listless, dreamy life, so objectless, so barren of result.

But next day they were there again, and the next, and to my surprise and annoyance my window was again the object of their remark and observation. Something was said, however, which led them to transfer their delicate attentions elsewhere, and I, who was growing nervous, breathed peacefully again.

Were they housebreakers? I wondered.

Could they have grave designs upon my

WE ARE DETERMINED THAT THE OLDST LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER IN
SPECIAL SHALL ALSO BE THE BEST.

Were they housebreakers? I wondered.

Could they have grave designs upon my
personal property? Would it be well to
invest my savings in a patent electrical

alarum? or, were they merely peaceful highly-respectable gentleman nan Gerald Welch as a candidate for so

high office?
Not the latter, surely; and, if not, what then?

what then?

The papers were filled with the records
of crime that week—murders, bank robberies, highway robberies, forgeries.
After all, was Geraid Welch a myth?—
an intimate acquaintance of the sportive
Tom Collins? and were they morely entoring a toke at my extreme. joying a joke at my expense?
Well, time will tell, I thought—and it

wen, time win ten, i thought—said it.

I had occasion to remember, suddenly, that my landlord's name was Welch. Could it be "Gerald," also?

He was an elderly gentieman, rather sedate, certainly respectable—not at all the sort of man who would associate with the individual who had so curiously and impertinently addressed me.

I detailed the circumstance to him one day when he called.

"I have a son," he quietly said, with a compression of the lips, and an eagerness about the eyes, that were foreign to him. "I have a son, whom I have not seen for years."

away."

The old gentieman was evidently distressed. With what appealing eloquence he uttered the last words. They were like the sorrowful wail of a deepairing spirit. "He robbed me—I forgave him the family."

I was just twenty-two when I came to the last words. I was just twenty-two every-

—and he went away."

"I never heard from him—I have mourned him as one dead—and now you tell me—"

It was too much for him. He staggered to a chair.

"I must seek him." he mused, "or evil will befall him. If you should meet with him again, please tell him where he may find me. I am—yes, I am Gerald Welsh!"

My landlord called again.

h" landlord called again next day.

year, for \$20.00; and an additional copy, free, to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz: \$2.50 each.*

REMINDER! POSTAGE TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES, HITHERTO PAID BY SUBSCRIBERS. WILL, AFTER THE FIRSTOF JANUARY, 1875, RE FAID BY UNWITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

WE S. MIS SON AND HEIR.

"Is this Gerald Welch's?"

"No, it isn't," was my sudden and ungrammatical reply.

The questioner was a rough, ill-grained fellow, and he had disturbed my reverse. I thought he might at least have made his inquiries in the usual way, and not at the open window, where I sat. idlers at the corner, so I made some pre-text to leave the room, and sent a mes-senger to meet the man, to inform him of his father's proximity. He will suppress that jaunty air, I thought, and infuse a little feeling into

thought, and infuse a little feeling into his manner and demeanor.

He avoided the corner as I anticipated, and that was all. As he drew nearer, I pointed him out to Mr. Welch, who seemed barely to recognize him. When he came quite close, however, the old man gave a start, and turned very pale.

"That—that my son!" he said.

The man entered, as I had requested he would do. He made a grave salute, and placing himself in quite a dramatic attitude, he uttered the stereotyped phrase:

attitude, he uttered the stereotyped phrase:
"Father, don't you know me?"
"You my son;" said Welch. "Why do you attempt to impose upon me? I recognize you. You are the scoundrel who led my son into error—who told him what a brave and gallant deed it was to rob his own father."
"I see my little pleasantry is not appreciated," said the impostor, gravely. "Nevertheless, I come to undo some of the evil I have wrought. As you correctly surmise, I am not your son, and you are clever enough to know it. My real purpose is—"

you are clever enough to know it. My real purpose is—"To levy blackmail, I suppose," sneered Welch.
"Not so," said the man, laughing.
"Your son at present supplies my necessities. I come to tell you—"My son! It is of him you would speak?"

speak?"

"Are you sure you can bear good news?" said the man, anxiously. "I fact, so you has become a successful planter. I met him quite promiscuously. In fact, as you are a member of the family. I don't mind telling you. I was term out of funds, and contemplated a raid upon the farm—"
"The farm" said Gerald, vacantly.

"The farm!" said Gerald, vacantly.
"Well, homestead, then. It is in Nebraska county—but when I discovered
who its owner was, of course I assumed
the more dignified character of an old
acquaintance. He fed me, clothed me,
and behaved like a good fellow generally. So, out of gratitude, you see, I
just hinted that I would like to come
home again, and he volunteered the necessary expenses, upon condition that I
would find you out and give you this
packet. Upon my word, if it had been
any one clse I had had to deliver it to,
he would never have seen it or me, I would never have seen it or me, I

he would never have seen it or me, I reckon."

It was a small package, containing the exact sum which the son had taken from the father. A letter, too, full of contrition and repentance, and filled with the promise of the prodigal's return.

"Fou brought this." said Welch.

"Well, yes. I don't profess much, my friend, but I helped to spend your money once, and he trusted me, and did me a good turn; so, however had I may be, I couldn't keep that. I know it isn't the money you care so much about; but if I had told you I had had it, and had spent it, you wouldn't have believed me, so I brought the packet whole."

"You shall never regret it."

"Well, I won't say that didn't enter into my calculations also. However, I have a clearer conscience, now that I have been the means of healing the breach which I once helped to make between a fond father and a scapegrace son."

"You have! You have." the old man

son."
"You have: You have?" the old man cried aloud; and there were tears in the eyes of the other also.

A few months afterwards the prodigal

returned, with pockets lined with the fruits of honest industry. The father leads ten years younger; but the man leads ten years younger; but the man who brought about this glad reunion has disappeared again. He wears an easier conscience, I am sure. AUTUMN LEAVES. BT M. T. S.

Fading beneath our passing feet, Strewn upon lawn and lane and street. Dyed with the hues of the sunset sky, Fading in glory so silently, Beneatiful innes!

Nover to freeham another spring.
Nover to know what the summer may bring.
Nothered beneath the dust and cold.
Scoon to decay in the common mould,
Noantiful beaves!

Seemiful beaves!
So will the years that change your tiel Mark upon as their autumnal print; So shall we still from the wheel of time, Fade as we fade in a wintry client. Heavilfel leaves!
Heavilfel leaves!
Heavilfel leaves!
Heavilfel leaves!
Heavilfel leaves!
Heavilfel leaves!
May He who paints your brilliant hue form of out twee a chaptet new Of beautiful leaves.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY MATRICE EGAN.

My name is Angelo Perkins. I was orn in a small village in that State and impertinently addressed me.

I detailed the circumstance to him one day when he called.

"I have a son," he quietly said, with a compression of the lips, and an eagerness about the eyes, that were foreign to him. "I have a son, whom I have not seen for years."

He noticed my evident interest and surprise, and added:

"I lived in this house when I last saw him. He robbed me—yon should know, perhaps—but I forgave him, and he went away."

The old gentleman was evidently dismoved in the same time, and crushed Seth's wooden leg.

I thought of seeking comfort in the pages of a morning paper.

"Just the thing." I thought; "just the thing! What a kind woman she must be! There is some goodness out of Jersey!" And I read aloud the following sey." And I read aloud the following advertisement:
"A widow, having a large house, is

"A widow, having a large house, is willing to accommodate two or three young gentlemen with board and lodging. Money is no object. Her only wish is to preserve young men, alone in the world, from the dangers and temptations of a large city by offering them a home, and treating them

sy opering them a home, and treating them strictly as one of the family."

Theologians tell us that the intention is everything. This being the case, I overlooked the bad grammar in the last clause, and thought only of the angel who peuned it.

"Call at No. — Blank street, between with and one o'clock."

who penned it.

"Call at No. — Blank street, between nine and one o' clock."

Taking my hat, I called at once. The house was large, and the brightness of the bell-handle, the whiteness of the paint, and the redness of the brick pavement made a dazzling combination that pained my unaccustomed eyes.

I was shown into the pailor. After I had looked into the mirror, tried both sofas and the piano, examined the "Washington" at one end of the room, and scrutimized the photographs of "grandma," "grandpa," and an unknown multitude, a lady entered. She was short, fat, not fair, but quite forty, with light ringlets on either side of her face. She gave me a look which seemed as if it might be intended for a life insurance agent.

"I called, madam," I began, hasten-

"I called, madam," I began, hastening to remove this disagreeable impression, "in regard to the advertisement."

Her face was instantly wreathed in smiles. She held out both hands.
"I know that we will suit each other exactly," she said, sweetly, "and I have great faith in first impressions. I feel like a mother to you already!"

I always had an idea—a very distant, vague idea—that there was something remarkably prepossessing about me, but even in my most sanguine moments, I had never calculated on inspiring such very sudden affection.

"Yes, my dear sir," she continued, "you shall be treated strictly as one of the family, and have all the comforts of a home."

I muttered something about references e,"

I muttered something about references
—other boarders.

"References? I require no reference
from a young man with a face like yours,
but I invariably expect payment of
board a week in advance. There are no
other boarders. I am remarkably particular — scrupulously particular — in
fact, I am constantly refusing applica-

I felt flattered, and though I hated to mention the subject to such an unworldly creature, I was compelled to ask her

"Oh, my dear friend," she exclaimed, raising her dands deprecatingly, really know nothing about money. raising her damas deprecatingly, really know nothing about money. The late Mr. Muggius'—she waved her hand-kerchief in front of her eyes—"always managed money matters without consulting me. If you really insist on receiving a suggestion from me, I should say twelve dollars per week. No more—sufficient no more."

I badn't the heart to intimate that I had not expected to humate that had not expected to pay more than seven. If it had been a man now, I might have made a bargain—we Jerseymen do make bargains sometimes—but a woman! And such a charming, disinterested woman! I could only how.

Having chosen a large, well-furnished bedroom, I left. The next day's sun-saw me installed in Mrs. Mirabelle Mug-gins' boarding-house as one of the family. The family consisted of Mrs. Muggins, her three boys, aged from sixteen down, and Miss Muggins—Julia Ann—a tall young person, certainly verging on young person, certainly verging on twenty-five, who indulged in a tremend-ously fashionable style of coiffure and

young person, certainly verging on twenty-five, who indulged in a tremendously fashionable style of coffure and dress.

The first four da's passed off well.
On the fifth, Mrs. Muggins began to call me Angelo, and the boys to treat me as one of the family, by borrowing small sums, and any off my belongings that happen to strike them; Julia Ann smiled on me, too.

"You are dyspeptic, my dear Angelo," said Mrs. Muggins, in her delightful motherly way, one day when I came to dinner as hungry as a wolf. "You are dyspeptic. No more hot dinners—something light, ethereal henceforth—branbread and a very little cold mutton."

I protested that I was not dyspeptic, that I didn't know what dyspepsia was. "Dear, obstinate boy," she suid, playfully, "you remind me so much of the late Mr. M. He was dyspeptic, too. Forgive my motherly solicitude, but I mast save you from an early grave."

After this, that woman nearly drove me into an early grave. She did her best

to starve me to death. I shudder at the

green.

"Julia Ann is so quiet," Mrs. Muggins said to me several times. "I do wish the dear girl would go out more. By the way, there's an opera troupe here. They sing Lucia to-night. She does love music so much but the here. They sing Lucia to-night. She does love music so much, but the poor, dear child seldom gets an opportunity of

dear child weather a conjugate to the course, I had no alternative but to offer to escort Miss Julia Ann to the opera, theatre, or concert, as the case might be. This happened so frequently that I began to grow anxious about my financial condition.

ancial condition.
"We have a new boarder," Mrs. Mug-"We have a new boarder," Mrs. Mug-gins announced one evening. "He is coming to-morrow. Mr. Prichard is his name, a friend of the late Mr. M.'s—a sweet old man, but very easily irritated. I took the liberty of removing your bureau and carpet into his room. An-gelo, I knew you wouldn't mind it, as you're quite one of the family." It dawned upon me that it was rather

It dawned upon me that it was rather undesirable to be one of the family. I supposed the thought, however, ungrate-

supposed the thought, however, ungrateful.

The boys borrowed my best suit in
turns. George Washington Muggims
picked the lock of my writing-desk with
a nail. Adolphus spoiled my watch.
Napoleon smoked my segars, and used my
hair oil. Hadn't they a right to do these
things? Wasn't I "one of the family?"
"Dear! dear!" said Mrs. Muggins,
glancing at me, affectionately. She,
Julia Ann, and I were sitting in the twilight parlor. "Dear! dear! Strange
thoughts occur to me sometimes. I
often think that you and my Julia Ann
were made for each other."
I blushed. I almost wished I had
never been made at all, and felt like
making for the door.
"How can you, ma?" said Julia Ann
"I really shall expire."
"Leave the room, my daughter," responded her mother. "Leave the room!

"I really shall expire."
"Leave the room, my daughter," responded her mother. "Leave the room! And now, Angelo Perkins," Mrs. Mugins said, gravely turning to me. "What are your intentions? You have attended that dear girl to many places of amuse-ments. You have paid her attentions which naturally cause her to expect—"

She paused.

"Expect what?" I ventured, timidly.

"Do you not understand me? Can I believe my ears, Angelo? She expects, the boys expect, I expect, everybody expects that you will become one of the family in real earnest."

No! never!" I cried. "I'll die first. I've had enough of it!"

I've had enough of it."

I rushed into the hall, seized my hat, and never stopped until I was safe in the bosom of my native State. The Muggins family might keep my luggage, but I was free. Oh, the delight of knowing that I was no longer "one of the family."

Shortly after my flight, I came across

an advertisement addressed to me A. P.—Return at once. Julia Ann is broken-hearted. Return, and your ingratitude will be forgieen. Return, or your trunk will be sold. A mother. This pathetic appeal had no effect, it is scarcely necessary to add.

SUMMER IS OVER.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

The green leaves and grasses that The green leaves and grasses that grew so suddenly sweet in the spring-time; the many-hued flowers that came like miracles from the heart of May; the crimson blossoms and blue that held the glory of the summer-time, have all, with last day of summer, passed away.

the last day of summer, passed away.

The brown nests in the trees are empty, and the boughs are no longer full of song. The dead leaves whirl along the path, and with every rising wind the ripe nuts fall to the ground.

Summer is over! Summer is over! How the winds keep saying it—sighing it—as they blow hither and thither over the earth! It is a tale twice told—for the Indian summer, too, has followed in the path of the fallen leaves; over the hills, and far away—yet we turn again to hear it, and to catch, if it may be, the echo of her last, faint footfall!

But there is another summer yet to

echo of her last, faint footfall:
But there is another summer yet to
come—the summer of happy firesides;
where the sum of love shines warm and
bright; where the dews of sympathy distil, and the breeze of glad impulses and
generous desire blows through the garden
of our souls, stirring everything to a new
and pleasant life!

the time to be idle or listless, now. PARIS AND THE FASHIONS.

BY NINON.

By the latest advices from Paris we By the latest advices from Paris we are told nothing new concerning the leading styles. It is only said that the tendency to return to the modes prevalent during the latter part of the reign—so short and brilliant—of the fil-fated Josephine, seems to be on the increase. The ruffle and flaring collars grow more recovered the resonance the second styles. prosonce, the scam upon the shoulder shorter, and while the modistes of the snorter, and while the modistes of the enlightened nineteenth century have too much good sense and judgment to inau-gurate a renewal of the distiguring short waist of that period, yet there is a lean-ing towards that style. There is, how-ever, a difference in the style of wearing the hair.

the hair.

How entirely Paris merited the name of the Empress of the World of Fashion has been proven by the eagerness wherewith that world has returned to its allegations and property has has been proven by the eagerness wherewith that world has returned to its allegiance, since peace and property have
commenced to dawn anew upon the gay
capital. We can remember how many
predictions were made of her permanent
dethronement when she lay stricken by
famine, the sword and the torch. What
atrenuous efforts we made in those dark
days to appear content with the fashions
sent us from other portions of the world;
which, although rich in design and elaborate in finish, always seemed to the
initiated to lack that distingue effect,
that certain grace, which, finding indescribable, we were wont to term
"French," or as some of the butterflies
of fashion, heedless of pure Saxon,
would lisp, "so sweet and French," - As
Goethe says, "there are many echoes,
but only one voice," and jn the matter
of taste in dress, we will cerdially apply
that laconic maxim to the recrowned
mistress of le beau monds.

New York has three business firms whose entire trade consists in the importation and sale of canaries and other feathered songsters. The whole number of birds imported during a single season amounts to about 150,000, valued at \$450,000.

A suggestion is made to establish telegraph cable stations on the high seas, built upon buoys, at which a steamer may stop and communicate if in distress, give her time, and enable her passengers to communicate with their friends on either shore.

IT is stated on good authority that Mr. Sims Reeves, the English tenor, who has just signed contracts to come to America next season for a series of con-certs, is to receive \$115,000 for 100 nights, or \$1,150 per night. At this price Reeves' notes ought, indeed, to golden.

WHENEVER we bear of the Baropes WHENEVER we bear of the Baroness Burdett Coutts we hear some good of her. Her last bit of benevolence has been to institute a Donkey Show at Torquay, the object being to promote the virtues of pationee and moderation in the bosons of the donkey drivers. If the animal ever can thrill with gratitude, now is his time.

Ir England were to man her navy for Ir England were to man her navy for war, she would require 68,000 men, of whom 22,000 would have to be enlisted for the purpose. Russia, for the like object, wants 36,000; France, 33,570; Turkey, 21,000; Spain, 14,000; Germany, 13,000; Austria, 11,530; Italy, 11,200; Holland, 6,260; Denmark, 4,800; Norway, 3,500; Portugal, 3,300; Sweden, about 3,000.

THE Maid of Orleans is to be canonized. To bring about this result was, it is said, one of the principal objects of the recent visit of the Bishop of Orleans to Rome. To fulfil the necessary conditions of canonizations imposed by the decree of Pope Urban VIII, which requires proof before the Ordinary of the heroic nature of her virtues, a special tribunal has been instituted at Orleans to receive the evidence relative to "the touching story of this admirable heroine." Among the points to be submitted to this court are the facts concerning her birth and infancy, conduct towards her parents, piety to the Virgin, fulfilment of her duty as a Catholic, her gift of prophecy, her apparitions, revelations and miracles.

THE area of the German Empire is only THE Maid of Orleans is to be canonized.

ritions, revelations and miracles.

The area of the German Empire is only 212,000 square miles, or scarcely four times that of Illinois, and on this small space dwell over 42,000,000 people, which exceeds the present population of the United States, scattered over twelve times that extent of territory, and Germany produces enough breadstuffs and meats for the support of her population, and raises a sufficient quantity of beets from which to manufacture nearly all the sugar and molasses consumed by her inhabitants; whereas the United States, with their great variety of climate and soil, expend \$100,000,000 annually in the purchase of those commodities from tropical countries. Germany grows most of the tobacco consumed by her people, and they are inveterate smokers.

The small industries of Paris know no

they are inveterate smokers.

The small industries of Paris know no limit. They even now include the manufacture of artificial bird's nests, so admirably constructed as to take in (in more than one sense) the very birds themselves. They are made for the thieving and quarrelsome sparrow, for the titmouse, the warbler, the king-fisher, and even the cuckoo, the blackbird, and the magnie are not forgotten. fisher, and even the cuckoo, the black-bird, and the magpie are not forgotten. Such beautiful nests! Large and small apartments for feathered families to be let, with immediate possession, without taking a lease, or with a lease of three, six, or nine years at pleasure. Three thousand of these nests have been put up, with a view of encouraging the multiplication of birds that may help to destroy worms and insects injurious to vecetation.

EVERYBODY is to be able to wear diamonds now, as a process has been invented, we are told, for the manufacture bright; where the dews of sympathy distil, and the breeze of glad impulses and generous desire blows through the garden of our souls, stirring everything to a new and pleasant life!

Oh, it doesn't do to despair; to fold our hands idly because the bright, busy, beautiful summer-time is past!

There is work yet to do, though the rain falls drearily: work yet to do, though the day dawns drearily—work for you and me!

Let us plant roses for the firestide summer: kind words that shall spring up in fragrant beauty along our way; kind deeds that shall blossom and bear fruit, it may be an hundred fold! Oh, it is not the substance for which it has an affinity, and pure, colorless carbon its set free, and in course of time forms in the shape of dismounts of time forms in the shape of dismounts. has an affinity, and pure, colorless carbon is set free, and in course of time forms in the shape of diamonds of various sizes on the interior sides of the glass shell.

THE importance of the wheat crop of the United States to Great Britain annu-ally increases. During the first eight months of the present year the importamonths of the present year the importa-tion from our country amounted to 58 per cent. of the whole foreign supply. From Russia the imports were 11 per per cent. of the whole foreign supply. From Russia the imports were 11 per cent.; from Canada, 9; from Germany, 64; from Chili, 6; from the Danubian countries, 12, and from all other countries, 82 per cent. In 1873, for the corresponding period, importations from the United States were 424 per cent.; from Russia, 244; from Canada, 34; from Germany, 5; from France and Chili, 4 each, and from other countries, 144 per cent. In 1872 the imports from the United States for eight months were 18 per cent., and from Russia 50 per cent. The gradual increase in grazing and stock-raising in England and Ireland tends to yearly augment this dependence. yearly augment this dependence.

A STARTLING announcement comes from Paris! It is said the new style of head-gear is to be the old-fashioned head-gear is to be the old-fashioned bonnet, with brims, crowns, strings, and, perhaps, curtains. What will the girls say at having to don the big bounets of their grandmothers? "Horrid!" of course, but then, my dears, it is all for your own good. Just listen to this: "It appears that the conclusion has been reached that the prevalence of neuralgia and kindred diseases, unknown comparatively a few years ago, has been due to the fashion of leaving the head, neck, ears, and throat without any protection. The large number of weak eyes is also attributed to the want of shade afforded by the fall or curtain." This ought to reconcile all sensible young ladies to the coming change of fashion, especially when they remember that their grandmothers were just as lovely in bonnets as they are without them! bonnet, with brims, crowns, strings, and, perhaps, curtains. What will the girls



TO FAIRYLAND AND BACK. Part 2.—HAPPT-GO-LUCKY AMONG THE MORTALS.

BY F. S. MILLS.

Little Joe grieved very much when Luke, the woodcutter, told him that Minnie had disappeared, and he ran a great way into the woods calling her by name.

name.

But no Minnie answered to his call.

The leaves upon the trees rustled, and the breeze moaned sorrowfully, while the birds, Joe fancied, called out "Minnie," in their own fashion, and the wild flowers

in their own fashion, and the wild flowers closed up their tiny petals in sympathy, but still no Minnie came.

He had wandered further than he thought, and somehow he had lost his way, and it was growing dark, so he sat down upon a log which Luke must have cut the day before, and wondered what he should do.

The fireflies flickered among the green leaves. One of them seemed to be much brighter than the rest, and after flying around him several times, it settled upon the log quite close to him, and he noticed a very little imp standing beneath the light, watching him curiously.

It was Thought, the fairy's counsellor.

What can I do for you, little one,"

"What can I do for you, little one," said the imp, politely.

Joe could not help laughing when the sprite (who was in a merry mood,) called him "little one," when he (the sprite) was so very, very little, but he was too much troubled to speculate upon the absurdity of the thing, so he merely answered:

surdity of the thing, so he merely answered:

"Please, I want to go home."

"You want to go home, eh! then why con't you go?" said Thought, laughing merrily.

"I have lost my way," said Joe.

"Ah!" said the imp, maliciously. "May people do that when they travel in my sompany. I have a habit of traveling verylong distances, you know, sometimes across the ocean, and sometimes among the clouds. I can take you to the place where you were born, or show you yourself in the future."

"Please take me home," said Joe.

"Oh, very well. I thought you wished to find Minnie," said the messenger, in a huff.

"Yes, indeed," said Joe, quickly.
"Can you find her for me?"
"I will take you to her," said the

sprite.
"Please, is it very far?" said Joe, dubiously "Only y. to Fairyland," Thought an-

swered. "Fairyland! Is there really such a Yes-in the Kingdom of Imagina-

tion," was the answer.
"Is Minnie there?"

tion," was the answer.

"Is Minnie there?"

"Come, I can't stay answering questions all the time. Close your eyes if you wish to go with me."

Joseph did as he was bid, and immediately he felt himself lifted bodily from the log on which he sat, and when he opened his eyes again, he was amazed to find himself in Fairyland, indeed.

Hundreds of little creatures were dancing merrily to the light of a number of the most gigantic fireflies he had ever seen. Presently the Queen was announced, and they ceased dancing, and ranged themselves in their places round the throne, which glistened in the subdued light, and seemed almost too grand for anyone, even the Fairy Queen herself, to sit upon. The King's throne was not nearly so brilliant. Can my readers guess why? Because fairy dewdrops fade when their possessor is unworthy, and fairy thrones are not for those who misbehave themselves.

The Queen came and Minnie with her. Little Low was mightlily bleased to see her

those who misbehave themselves.

The Queen came and Minnie with her.
Little Joe was mightily pleased to see her once again. The King followed them. He was in a bad humor, for the Queen had monopolized the whole of Minnie's society, and Minnie had told her how basely Happy-go-lucky had broken the law of hospitality at the woodcutter's cabin, but Joe did not notice how spitefully the King behaved, and presently Thought told him to advance to the inner circle, and he did so, trembling all the while.

"Minnie," said little Joe, addressing himself to her instead of to the Queen, as was but natural under the circumstances, "I have come to look for

"So much the worse for you," muttered the King, and he sent one of his officers, a wasp, to sting him under the left ear.

"This is little Joe, I suppose," said the Fairy Queen, smiling. "So you want to take Minnie home?"

"Yes," said Joe, bashfully, and then he felt the sting and thought that was officered in its silken meshes. Franz took the money to his mother, showed her his new violin, and told of his adventure. She raised her eyes and hands in grateful wonder. "Twas some good fairy, no less, in diaguise," she said. "Pray Heaven you

"This is little Joe, I suppose, sau the Fairy Queen, smiling. "So you want to take Minnie home?" "Yes," said Joe, bashfully, and then he felt the sting, and thought that was inflicted because he wished to have

Minnie for a playfellow again.
"I suppose you love her very much," said the Queen, archly.
"Yea," said Joe, again. And the King was so enraged at hearing this, that he sent the wasp again to sting him under the right can

that he sent the wasp again to sting him under the right ear.

Then Joe began to cry with pain; at which the Queen was much surprised, but Thought, the counsellor, whispered to her, and she became very indignant nmoned her retinue. My visitors must be protected," she

"My visitors must be protected," she said, to the King, haughtily.
"Bother your visitors," replied the King; and as he knew that an argument was about to commence, and that he would get the worst of it, he hurriedly vacated the throne, and quitted the court without even so much as wishing the Ouesn good, bys.

without even so much as wishing Queen good-bye.

"A pretty King Happy-go-lucky is," said one of the courtiers, boldly. "We'll have Little Joe for king."

"Oh, no—please: I don't understand," said Joe, and he looked at Minnie, as he was in the habit of doing when he wanted has advice or help.

was in the habit of doing when he wanted her advice or help.

Then the fairies laughed, and they all clustered round Joe and Minnie, and made them dance and sing for their amusement; and they both began to think they would like to stay there always. But Minnie thought of her father Luke, and went up to the Queen and pleaded for leave to return home.

"I am glad you are a faithful child," said the fairy, kindly. "Always love your father dearly, and then I can always help you. My name is Fidelity, you know, and my lieutenant is Thought. Shall I give you a talisman?"

"What is that?" said Minnie, curiously.

"Something to remember me by.
Memory is another of my servants. The
remembrance of good deeds will always
bring me near you."
She gave Minnie one of the glistening
dewdrops from her throne, and another
one to Joe.

"The talisman I give you is Hope,"
ahe said. "The parched and feverish
flowers drink of these dewdrops eagerly,
and hope for a bright to-morrow.
Thought shall lead you home again, and
my talisman will overcome all obstacles
by the way."

Then Thought led them onward
through great avenues, and along wide
roads, and they were happy in each
other's company, and talked of future
rambles through the woods. Fairyland
faded gradually from view, and they
came to a rivulet which both remembered well.

There was a stone in the centre of the

came to a rivulet which both remembered well.

There was a stone in the centre of the brook, and Thought left them whilst Joe was finding it for a stepping-place for Minnie.

Joe was standing on the stone and reaching his hand to Minnie, when King Happy-go-lucky (who had been waiting all the while) tipped over the stone, and Joe fell into the water with a splash.

It was not very deep, however, and the talisman rescued Minnie and himself. Not so with the wicked fairy, for his heel caught under the stone and he went under.

So slight an immersion would not have So slight an immersion would not have harmed an ordinary fairy, but Happy-go-lucky's power was gone. The dewdrops had gradually faded from his throne, and there was no Hope left for him. So the water-sprites (who were rebela then) carried him away, and Minnie, with Little Joe, reached home in safety. How strange that Luke was asleep by the fireside all the time, and that the in-cidents above recorded were a dream of his; no more!

his; no more! When Minnie came runnning in with title Joe, as she did at that moment, from a long ramble in the woods; he rubbed his eyes in an astonished way,

"Ah, children, Hope is a great talisman after all, but Fidelity is the fairy man after all, but were all obsticles. Be that lands us safely over all obsticles. Be Faithful, Thoughtful, Hopeful and

KIND HEART.

BY IDA FAY.

Franz, the young musician, sat sobbing by the roadside. He had not earned one ponny all the long, long day; and now, to crown his misfortunes, one of the strings of his violin had snapped, leaving him hopeless of success in his calling for a long time to come.

"Oh! what shall I do?" he cried.

"The peasants will not stay their dancing because the fiddler cannot play; the little children must have music to beguite them; some other person they will

little children must have music to be-guile them; some other person they will find to take my place, and I shall die of want. Wee is me!" While the words of complaint were yet on his lips, he was accosted by a withered old crone, who was bent nearly double with age, and was, besides, a hunchback. She was a most loathsome-looking crea-ture; and Franz would have turned away in disgust, but her plaintive voice and pleading words moved his kind heart to pity.

pity.

"You are wretched," she said; "but how much more miserable am I! Ah, kind master, open your purse, for I am starving."
"Would that I could!" cried the lad.

"I have neither purse nor money to put in it."
"Is it so, indeed?" the hag answered, despairingly. "Mayhap you've a crust about ye that would lay hunger?"

"Alas, none!"
Then the beggar fell to groaning and wailing at such a rate that Franz could bear it no longer.
"Here!" he cried, seizing his beloved violin. "It is my best and my all that I offer. Take it—I cannot endure to see you suffer."

you suffer."

It was growing dark; but, as the crone reached forth her hand, a glow as of sunrise came between her and Franz, and in the strange light it seemed to the lad her form straightened and became beautiful, her wrinkled face grew lovely.

"Well done, my good child!" she said; and her voice was like music. "Your unselfish charity shall not go unrewarded."

Franz remembered nothing more; and ranz remembered nothing more; and when he awoke the next morning, in the same place on the roadside, was certain he had been dreaming. He rose to look for his violin—rubbed his eyes—looked again. Not it, but a new and beautiful formore law there and beginning the same law there.

disguise," she said. "Pray Heaven you my be worthy of her gifts."

Whether this was true or not the lad never knew; but certain it is, with the music of his new violin he made his way to "fame and fortune," and never, even in his proudest moments of success, failed to deserve the name of "Kind-Heart."

A German Fable.

A raven was crossing a field, and saw a cuckoo preparing a soft bed behind a shady bush. That seemed very odd to him; so he crept nearer, and asked the cuckoo what he was making there.

CAGED. BY MESTER A. BENNESST

And you are in fetters?—so darling, am I!

Gilded, like yours, are the bars of my prison:
Weary, like yours, with their waiting, my
wings!
And far, far away in the calm and the crimson
Of morning eternal, my Heantiful sings.
Yet oh! when the daylight the buttercup
misses, misses.
I lean through the lattice that looks to the seas.
And catch the rare sweets of her comforting kiness
Out from the hold of a Paradise breeze.

Hush, pretty prisoner! I know all your I know how your pulses quiver and ache! How your heart with no hope for the coming to morrow.
In the wine-press of anguish is ready to break.
Yet nobody opens the door of my prison,
Heautiful warbier? as I open thine.
Bidding the fly with thy bosom of crimson—
To joy, and to freedom that cannot be mine.

GENTLEMAN DICK:

The Cruise of the Dolphin! A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clewline.

[This serial was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XVI. ALMOST A MUTINY.

Sam Tully fastened an iron grip upon the shoulder of the doomed man, and dragged him to his feet. Two strong men seized him upon either side and held him, while Sam lifted the running noose which lay upon the floor of the forecastle and passed it about his neck. At this moment Dick Fenton rose upon his bunk, and looked wildly about him.

"It is Black Rodger," he cried. "What has he been doing, shipmates?"

"He tried to murder you, and we are going to serve him out for it," was the stern reply of the harpooner. "On deck there, a dozen of you, and get hold of the fall."

The seamen hurried to obey the order,

The seamen hurried to obey the order,

and only a few remained in the fore-castle.

Dick sprang out of his bunk, and slipped on part of his clothing hurriedly.

"Don't do it, boys," he said, quickly.

"It will be a crime to hang this man for merely attempting my life."

"That's the talk," cried Black Hodger.

"By —— I'm sorry I ever tried it on; but I was drove to it. I ask your pardon, Dick. I ask it on my knees, and beg you to save me." beg you to save me."
"On deck there!" shouted Sam Tully.

"Walk away with the fall."
There came the tramp of feet above, There came the tramp of rees and and the unfortunate wretch, clutching at everything which he could reach, was un to the scuttle. Here he dragged up to the souttle. Here he braced his hands and feet, but the slip nose ran taut, and he let go his hold. The moment his head appeared above the combings of the forecastle he was seized, and his feet placed upon the

deck.

"Keep back, Gentleman Dick," roared Sam Tully. "I like you, and would do anything for you, but this man is a murderer, twenty times over. He is a wrecker, I tell you—a man who lights false beacons, and gives a whole crew to death for the sake of the spoils."

"Give him a trial," replied Dick.
"The captain will see that you have fair play."

"The captain will see that you have fair play."
"We won't trust to that," was the reply. "He might escape, and where would our revenge be, then?"
"You shall not hang him," cried the lad, leaping through the scuttle to the deck. "I will save him from you."
The men on deck were busy with the wrecker, and he ran by them like the wind, and they heard him thundering at the door of the captain's cabin, shouting for him to rise.

the door of the captain's cabin, shouting for him to rise.

"Hurry up, lads," cried Sam Tully.

"We must get this job done quickly. Do you know a prayer, Rodger Bates? If you do, say it as you go aloft."

Black Rodger only answered by cries for mercy, mingled with execrations against the men who held him in their clutches.

"Here comes the captain," cried Dick, running up. "Give the man a chance

on the yard, his keen kine hashed in the air, and the ascending rope was cut just below the block.

Black Rodger dropped to the deck, a distance of ten feet, with a dull thud. The next moment the crew scattered, and Captain Tom, Forsythe, and the third mate, stood over the prostrate body with a pistol in each hand.

"Is this a mutiny," cried the captain, facing the men boldly, his gray hair blown back by the wind.

The second mate stepped forward, and silently ranged himself beside the other officers. Dick slid down from the yard and joined them.

"Wait," said the captain. "You, Sam Tully, seem to lead this mutiny, and must speak. Why were you hang-

Sam Tully, seem to lead this mutiny, and must speak. Why were you hanging this man?"

"Because he is a murderer."

"Has this been proved? Has he had a trial? And who made you master of this ship, Mr. Jack-before-the-mast."

"He killed my brother. He is Black Rodger Bates, the well-known wrecker of Portland Beach. He tried to kill Genteman Dick, and would have done it, only for Tatty."

"Who commands this ship? Under other circumstances I would not native."

The whaling grounds are before them now the home of the cachalot or never now.

him; so he crept nearer, and asked the cuckoo what he was making there.

"A bed, as you see," the cuckoo answered, shortly.

"A bed! What for?" the raven kept on inquiring. "You are not going to lie on the ground? As far as I know, you usually rest in a hollow tree."

"It is not for myself," replied the cuckoo, "but for that poor sick hen there, you see behind the bushes. See that poor creature," he continued, weeping; "she fills my soul with pity; she has not been well for a long time."

"Really, an odd kind of neighborly love. I could never in the least have expected that of you," cried the raven, in cestacy; and the bright tears flowed down his raven cheeks at the thought of his noble deed.

"Yes," the cuckoo continued in a whining tone, "this good hen laid me nearly every day an egg; upon that I have hitherto lived when I could get at nothing the province of the stream of the cuckoo is the shade of the cuckoo is the shade of the cuckoo is the shade of the cuckoo is not provided in a whining tone, "this good hen laid me nearly every day an egg; upon that I have hitherto lived when I could get at nothing. "Who commands this ship? Under other circumstances I would not parley with you; but now, as you say that the provocation is great, I give you all one chance. I know you, and have proved you in many dangers; braver men never sailed under me, and that is the reason why I am lenient with you. A mutiny on the high seas is death by the law, and I would not have your blood upon my bands. Will you give this man up to me, that he may have a fair trial?"

Dies, who was grown and touched his cap.

"Why did you turn against your mates just now, my lad?"

"Because they were doing wrong," was the reply.

"If they had attacked us, what would you have done?"

"I should have fought them as well as I could," replied Dick.

"Enough said; you have been lied about, and from this moment you have a friend in me. Go to your duty."

Dick left the deck with a proud step, followed by the dark glances of Forsythe. The insensible form of Bates was carried to the "brig," or prison of the ship, and the Dolphin ploughed on her way.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN SEARCH OF WHALES. IN SEARCH OF WPALES.

Honolulu was left behind, with its pleasant breadfruit groves, its tropical vines, and its mendacious and peculative inhabitants. The Kanaka, the name by which the inhabitants of these islands are best known, is by nature a liar and a thief, in the way of business. They would not go into your house and steal your goods any more than other classes of people, but they will cheat you, as they would their own brothers, in a trade.

Dick had been permitted to land, under a promise that he would not "bolt."

Dick had been permitted to land, under a promise that he would not "bolt." In fact, he had little desire to do so now. Nature had made him a sailor, and there is something enticing, after all, in life before the mast. He was getting learned in sailor lore, under the tuition of Tatty, and the men idolized him. In the long summer days and the nights in the forecastle, he used to sit for hours, telling them stories out of his stock of old legends of the sea and shore. He told them of the Argonauts, the Vikings, Drake, Cabot, Hudson, and all that host of adventurers and brave men of the by-Drake, Cabot, Hudson, and all that host of adventurers and brave men of the bygone days, while they listened entranced. To "yarn it" well is a sailor's glory, and there seemed to be no limit to the knowledge of Gentleman Dick to these simple men. So Dick landed at Honolulu, and during the three days which be had to himself, guided by Tatty, he visited the old battle fields of the islands, and the great volcane of Kinnes.

The Dolphin sailed, and headed for the whaling ground.

Little did they know that three hundred miles to the south, the swift schooner Antelope was apeading on, under a press of sail, to take the wanderer home. Tatty was spending all his spare time in teaching the boy all that was necessary in the whaleman's art. He had been tried at the paddles and the oars, and had shown himself such an adept that by universal acclamation he had been assigned to the boat of the second mate, where his training in a racing boat had done much for him. The captain had offered to make him a The captain had offered to make him a

sort of passenger, but he had refused to leave the forecastle or to shirk any duty. Black Rodger was out of the ship, running up. "Give the man a chance for a trial. Don't let him die unheard."

"Up with him?" was the only reply vouchsafed by the angry sailors.

The gang holding the "fall" rushed aft, and the body of Black Rodger was swaying in the air.

Dick leaped into the fore shrouds, and went up like a cat, and before the men had taken half a dozen steps, he was out on the yard, his keen knife flashed in the had also saved them from open mutiny.

"There is a standing reward for the "There is a standing r having been left with the consul at Hono-lulu, who had promised to send him to

can say of him."

The whaling grounds are before them now, the home of the cachalot or sperm whale, the king of his tribe. This is the whale of all others which is most sought, and which our indefatigable fishermen and which our indentiquate inhermen are driving from the sea. This mountain of blubber and greasy flesh, with his square pugnacious jaws and the wonder-ful deposit of sperm in the head, was the prize which the Dolphin sought. whining tone, "this good hen laid me nearly every day an egg; upon that I have hitherto lived when I could get at nothing else, and how miserable I should be if she should die! I must perish—yes, must starve in these famine times."

"Aha, so! It is not precisely for the poor sick hen, but for the eggs, you make the nest," croaked the raven, as, quickly drying her tears, she flew away.

and have made him bold backers. They loved him because he treated sailors as mea, not as dogs, and never asked his men to peril their lives where he would not go with them. But foremant hands are like Scottish clans; they cling by each other.

"You had better take care," said the third mate, warningly. "We are better armed than you are, and you will get the worst of fi, if you do not yield."

"Don't threaten them, Mr. Belling, said the captain. "They are braw men, but have made a mistake. I am going divised into watches, have their places, but have made a mistake. I am going of the worst of fine man, and then had been been disposed of insuch a scrope the helmman—station for sail locking!"

The men hesitated a moment, and then Tatty shouted in his heavy voice:

"Obey! The man who hesitates to follow me will feel my harpoon."

They only wanted a leader, and at that attern voice every man aprang to his station.

"All hands silent!" said the captain. "You have obeyed me, and I am preus of my crew. The men who he can trust. As for this fellow, he shall be tried, and receive his deserts. All the port watch to duty. Starboard watch, turn in."

The men obeyed him, and the officers remained, looking in each other's face, over the silent form of Black Rodger. There was a wild look in the face of Dan Forsythe, for he knew that he had been baffed again, and that Dick had gained another point in the estimation of the captain. "Col, who was going below with the men, came aft at the order, and touched his cap.

"Why did you turn against your mates just now, my lad?"

"Because they were doing wrong," was the reply.

"If they had attacked us, what would have shaken a great ship from the leachalof, more all the vinkling blows who field than he antagonist, always remained, boat the trinkly he order in chief and the work of the search of the story of the search of t

the deep blue water, and entered a sea red as blood.

"What is this?" cried Dick, pointing at this strange appearance. "The water is colored with something."

"I guess it is," replied Tatty, with a laugh. "Those are animals."

"Phew! That is what Jack would call a stretcher. Animals, indeed!"

"Well, I don't know whether these fellows they call naturalists would call them animals or insects. It don't matter much, but that is what the whales feed on. Now, maybe you've heard of whales swallowing men, but it is a blamed lie. The mouth is big enough to take in a jolly boat, but the throat of a whale could not permit a good sized man to pass. You don't believe that red stuff is alive?"

"It don't look much like it, any-how."

hour.

"How do you know when you see a whale a great way off?" said Dick.

"If you have good eyes, you will see two columns of water, like waterspouts changing into white mist. The sperm whale spouts the water through its blow hole."

"It is odd," said Dick, standing up on the forecastle, and looking to the

on the forecastic, and nowing to east. "What do you say when you see spouts?"

"'There she blows,' is the cry we use," replied Tatty, his eye ranging along the water to the west. "When the whale throws his body out of the water, the cry is, 'there she breaches.' If you should see spouts now, and could sing out in time..."

"There she blows!" yelled Dick, with rantic earnestness. "There she blows frantic earnestness. "There she blows-blows; there she blows."

Gentleman Dick, the pet of the ship, had been the first one to sight a whale, and had won the reward.

"THERE SHE BLOWS!" The hitherto orderly ship was for a moment in the utmost confusion. As the sound came to the ears of Tatty, he whirled suddenly, and saw Dick pointing out across the water to the east; and then, as he turned his piercing eyes that way, he saw that Dick had not been de-cieved, and he joined his shout to that of

the young discoverer.
"There she blows; there she breaches!" "Where away?" cried the captain, unning forward, with a glass in his

"Two points off the lee bow, repried Dick, promptly.

The old captain sprang on the rail and brought his glass to a level, while the men, anticipating the work before them, sprang forward, and began to clear away the boats for lowering.

"We've got them!" cried Captain Manning, closing his glass with a snap.
"Lay her one point nearer the wind, you at the wheel; northeast by east."

"Northeast by east," the helmsman realized. Two points off the lee bow," replied

replied.
"Keep her so; steady."

"Steady it is, sir."

"Lower away the boats," cried the captain. "Jump, you sons of freedom, jump! Now then, timber toes, move!"

The splash of the four boats seemed to come at the same moment, and four long white streaks were seen gliding away from the side of the Dolphin—whale house models of ansed and strength. away from the side of the Dolphin—whale boats, those models of speed and strength. A description of one would suffice for the rest. In the first place, they are as light as boats can be made, which are ex-pected to stand the shock of a heavy sea. heir lines are perfect, and the bow and stern are exactly alike, for the whale boat

has no rudder but is steered with an

Poddles are first used, while the boute are creeping up to the school of whales, before they are alarmed and "sound" or dive. The men sit crouched upon the or dive. The men sit crouched upon the thwarts like Indians, grasping the paddles in their strong, brown hands. In the stern sheets, the officer in charge is seated, holding the steering oar. The bowman is the harpooner, whose weapon lies in its place beside him. The tub is before him, containing the coiled whale before him, containing the coiled whale line, perfect in every fibre, for a single kink in the rope may be fatal to a crew. When the whale feels the iron, and "sounds," if the rope catches for an in-

"Phew! That is what Jack would call stretcher. Animals, indeed!"
"Well, I don't know whether these fellows they call naturalists would call them animals or feasets. It don't matter i much, but that is what the whales feed on. Now, maybe you've heard of whales as wallowing men, but it is a blamed lie. The mouth is big enough to take in a jolly boat, but the throat of a whale could not permit a good sized man to pass. You don't believe that red stuff is alive?"

"It don't look much like it, any-how."

"You go down and bring me that little microscope you had the other day, white I get a bucket and dip up some of this water."

Dick ran below, and when he came back he had his microscope with him, a very powerful glass for a small one. Tatty had dipped up a bucket of the water, and soit it upon the deek, and Dick applied his glass to a drop, which he dipped up in the little cup attached to the microscope. That drop of red water, magnified many times, was no longer water, but a mass of red living things, twisting and turning in every direction, with the greatest rapidity.

"You were right, Tatty," said Dick, as he continued to gaze through the glass. "It is wonderful. So this is the food upon which the whale feeds?"

"Yes; and the stories you have heard about a blood red sea start from this." I'll show you more wonderful things before this cruise is over."

They went up on the to'gallant forecastic, where Tatty relieved the lookout. The man did not go very willingly, for he expected to sight a spout at any hour.

"How do you know when you see a whale a great way of?" said Dick.
"If you have good eyes, you will see two columns of water, like waterspouts changing into white mist. The aperm whale spouts the water through its blow hole."

"It is odd," said Dick, standing up "It is odd," said Dick, standing up

sharp.
"Steady; eyes in the boat, and ready
for the word. There she breaches—
spring!"
Twenty-four oars dashed at once into
Twenty-four oars dashed at once into Twenty-four oars dashed at once into the water, as the first whale hurled his ponderous bulk out of the sea, falling again with a resounding splash. Each officer had a reputation to sustain, and each man was keenly alive to the honor

officer had a reputation to sustain, and each man was keenly alive to the honor and pay to be received if their boat struck the first whale. Forsythe became a maniac for the moment, and roared like a mad bull.

"Oh-h-l' Rouse you sleepers. Bend your backs, you slow-coaches. Jump for your lives and spring before I brain you with the oars. Put me on that whale, you villains! Beach me on their backs, you sluggards, quick! If that Kanaka beats you, Sam! Why don't you spring, if you pull your arms out. Pull, you devil's babies, pull! Go, before I get crazy!"

fore I get crazy."

But Weston's oily voice encouraged his men more than the bellowing of Forsythe.

"Pull, pull, my sons. Make the wood bend as you spring, and every stretcher tell. You love me, and I know it, but as yet you sleep. If there is any weak-ness in your backbones, say it now, and we'll go back to the ship, and I will ask the captain not to sead me a lot of crip-ples in future. Oh, do pull, do! It grieves me to the heart that you re-fuse."

The boats rushed on towards the fly-ing herd, the harpooners yelling like demons as they encouraged the men. The ferocious war-cry of Tatai Mainitu The ferocious war-cry of Tatai Mainitu rang out on the clear air—"Ha-ha-ha!" Sam Tully's Yankee shout eace-ee-sh!" Sam Tully's Yankee shout rang clear and full, the shrill cry of Pete Frobisher rang out across the water, and the thundering bass of Congo Ned, the negro harpooner in the other mate's boat, was heard, as they dashed on. For a hundred yards they were head and head, and then the gigantic strength of Tatty began to tell, and the sharp nose of the captain's boat shot out beyond the rest, although they still strained every nerve. Forsythe worked his steering oar with manice strength and the every nerve. Forsythe worked his steer-ing oar with maniac strength, and the wheedling voice of Weston was heard, more oily than ever, but for all that they could do, the captain's boat was two lengths ahead. Each boat singled out a

hale and dashed at it.

Dick was all excitement; every nerve
his basis timuled, and he never pulled whale and dashed at it. Dick was all excitement; every nerve in his body tingled, and he never pulled in any race with half the vim he showed now, in the race for a whale. He saw the angular face of the Yankee mate brighten.

brighten.

"You gain, you gain," he whispered.
"There's one, Pete—a hundred barrels of
prime sperm—rich, sweet sperm. Oh,
think of it, boys; think of the hours of
joy before you when we reach the sounding shores of old Connecticut. Look out
now! Six strokes and we are into them.
Ha! Quick work now. Stand up, harteon!"

The order seemed to have been given by one man, but four had spoken. At the same instant up started four harpooners, each with the bright steel in his strong hand. "Give it to him—now!" shouted the

ENIONA

I am known the wide world round, And am often wanting found Where in plenty I abound.

Shapes of every kind I've got: Straight and crooked—cold and hot— Who can say that I am not? Ever moving bere and there, Soft and hard, foul and fair, Burdens often great I bear.

Yet I frequently let fall Many things however small, Which I can't support at all

Caim am I, yet know to foam; Some for me a distance roam, Though I may be found at home.

I'm a fluid, but appear As a solid, far and near In a season of the year. There are none that can destroy me, But if they aright employ me, Will undoubtedly enjoy me. IAGO.

CHARADES.

A lady firm and proud was she,
And he a first of high degree,
Infirm, and cross, and old,
The dame's paps had said she should,
Altho' she vowed she never would,
Wed to the first for gold.
And so, to change her wilful mind,
The haughty lady was confined,
For days within her room.
Pa took the second's in his care.

For days within her room.
Pa took the second's in his care,
And bid her of his rage beware,
Or dread a dreadful doom.
The lady smited, she had to fear,
She knew her favored cavalier
For her would do and dare.
She from the casement quick clopes,
Papa and my first expying ropes.
Felt like the whole's they were.
M. MELLETT.

A young man courts a pretty girl, lie don't wish to offend her. But asks her to become his wife A week before December.

But when the question's put to her, A blush runs o'er her check; She evidently feels my first, And therefore cannot speak.

My second on most doors is found, My second on most doors.
For safety I would say,
My whole will name a character
In one of Shakespeare's plays.
W. TYBRELL.

My first is dazzling to the eye, So rich, superb and grand; And every one has felt its power. In this and every land.

My second may be termed a veil, Which overspreads the earth; It renders everything obscure, And hide's true nature's worth

My whole, it is a canopy.
Oft borne by ladies fair,
When they go out to promenade,
Or pleasure anywhere.
W. TYRUELL.

My first is my next, and my next is my

first, Provided my second be married; second's my whole, in ignorance

In labor and toll his soul is immersed, All his days in the country he's tar

VERBAL CHARADE

First is in cable, but not in rope; Second in bishop, but not in pope; Third in sailing, but not in rowing; Fourth in mending, but not in sewing; Fifth in acre, but not in road. Sixth in forage, but not in food Seventh in church, but not in steeple; Eighth in king, but not in people; My whole is a statesman of much fame— If you read it aright, I've told you his

DECAPITATION.

If you a gale of wind behead, you'll then perceive a shoemaker's tool. R. C.

Shakspeare speaks of seven ages, Woman's life has many stages, To old age none will make pretence, Their ages all of innocence.

Their ages all of innocence.

One good age to live to see, Without it you would frightened be Another age is round your hat; And one beneath your feet the plat;

4 And one you see upon your plate; 5 And one you drink of ancient date 6 And one before you in a roll,

Not quite so large as music scroll.

You knew in another age,
When firting was in early stage,
With the new curate—don't deny it—
It could not be a crime to try it.
You had not then aspired so high,
As diamonds, lace and frippery.

An age when you tried hard to get

As diamonds, lace and frippery.

8 An age when you tried hard to get A spiendid ducal coronet.

9 An age set up for rivalry;

10 A tender age girls long to see.

11 Another age goes by the train Your wedding trousseau doth contain.

12 An age you left with smiles and tears, Your heart opprest with anxious fears, At leaving thus your father's door, Perhaps to see his face no more. For India bound, a blushing bride, That parent's hope, and joy and pride.

13 When you give over dancing, then Another age employs my pen; Then comes the last and stage of all, 14 When minds are held in captive thrail.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 21.]

Surveys to "Our Own Sphing." Ho. 15, Vol. 54. CHARADES.—1. Match-less. 2. Child-

1-N O N E 2-N O O N METAGRAM.—Fool, Tool, Pool.
ERIGMA.—"Where Ignorance is Bliss
'tis Polly to be Wise."

WORD SQUARE.—
PORCH
OPERA
REBUS
CRUST
HASTE

THE POOTSTEP OF THE STAIR

I have very many treasures.
That my heart has hid away
There's a little cert that's brighter
Than the ranshine of the day:
And a little that this faded,
Is asseng my treasures there—
And I little, when I see it,
For a feetziep on the stair,
for a patter, patter, patter,
(if a footstep on the stair.

Now those little feet are slient.
And the face is hidden low
'inderhouth the sensoire grasses,
And the dates' fregress! snow;
And I mise them in the morning.
Patterning freet, and lakes so sharlust I listen most patter, because
For the footsteps on the stair,
For the patter, patter, patter.
Of the footsteps on the stair.

Then sha'd come and knowl beside me.
In her little grown of white.
And she'd has her held they over,
and would kies me owers good night.
Though I know she is not there.
But I cannot still my parenting.
For the footsteps on the stair,
for the patter, patter, patter,
Of the footsteps on the stair.

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE:

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON. AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," RTC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54 Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

LEAVING A CURSE.

Miriam Danvers, crouching down upon the floor, had heard all, and at last knew that she was lost. But a strange calm had come upon her with this conscions-ness. The old agonizing pain and dread was all gone. The thought came to her that she ought to come out and face these men, who had so cruelly plotted her downfall and could amount in the men, who had so cruelly plotted her downfall, and, coolly announcing her guilt, tell them she was prepared to meet her fate. But when she casayed to rise, she found that her strength had entirely described her.

she found that her strength had entirely described her.

She heard their footsteps coming out again, and she made a resolute effort to cry aloud to them as they passed, but she felt that her trembling lips had refused to give utterance to a single articulate sound.

She heard them go forth, and knew when Parks, a little later, had closed the house for the night. But still she stirred

not.

How long she lay there no one ever knew, but the night must have been nearly gone when she at last staggered to her feet. She could see into the dimity-lighted hall, and contrived to make her way up to her own room. All its beauties struck her with a new sense of beauties strick her with a new sense of her own shame, and that she was looking at them for the last time. There was no breath save her own to disturb the terri-ble stillness. Engene's portrait smiled down brightly, lovingly, from above the mantel. It seemed to her that the large trutiful eyes were reading her very thoughts.

thoughts.

She got up hurriedly, and going to her wardrobe, took out her plainest dress of solid black and put it on. Then she looked for a bonnet and veil to match, and when she had tied the former about and when she had tred the former about her head, she opened her writing-case, murmuring, "I must bid him farewell." She sat down with a perifolio upon her lap, and looked up once more at the por-trait, when she took up her pen and wrote, in a trembling, searcely legible head. hand:

spair alone can give.

She scaled these simple lines in an envelope, directed them, and placed them conspicuously upon a table.

"Yes, my darling," she whispered, looking up again, "in my girlhood the fancy—never known to mortal being, least of all known to him—that Hoved Caspar Lenox caused me at once to betray him, Leonora Danvers, and poor Louis; but it was all nothing to the tender gratitude and devotion which I know now, when it is too late; that I feel for my husband. and devotion which I know how, when it is too late; that I feel for my husband. You might forgive me, Eugene—in the greatness of your soul you might—but the shame would kill me if I had to meet you again after you knew all. I rever thought this could be so until now."

"How I hate him!" she cried. "Let me strike him the blow that he will feel as worse than death, before I go. again she took up her writing materials.

again she took up her writing materials. You have pursued me relentlessly from the hour I first crossed your threshold. It may be for the double purpose of visiting upon me the sins of my mother towards you—and you have accomplished your design—you have driven me from it forever. But I also have my recenge, I shall bury with me a secret that you would freely batter all your hoursided wealth to have—a seried left for me by my mother when she feed leave of this world—the series that conversions of the series of the world—the series that conversions of the series of the world—the series that conversions of the series of the series

When this also had been scaled, she swept noiselessly down the steps, and going once more into Mr. Danvers' reading-room, laid it among his papers. When she returned she went directly to the front door, and opening it, went out, closed it after her, and walked away through the streets as the day was be-ginning faintly to dawn in the east.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FAITH AND LOVE.

At a quarter past three Eugene came home by the same route that he and his beautiful wife had come, on the eve of the opening of our story, when he had introduced her for the first time amid the scenes of his youth; only now his ringing footstep echoed alone upon the tessellated pavement, and he came bounding in, admitting a gust of frozen air through the open door, his cheery face beaming with life and animation, eager expectancy in look and manner.

Mr. Philip Danvers came out from his door, with a pale, disturbed face, and uncombed hair.

"Eugene, my son, let me speak with

uncombed hair.

"Eugene, my son, let me speak with you. Come into my room."

"Let me but greet Miriam first," he said, as he ran up the steps. "I think I have good news for her. So one moment, father."

"Miriam! Miriam!" he called.
There was no answer, and he looked into her boudoir, but the beloved face and form did not greet him.
"Poor darling!" he murmured, "she is weeping alone in the nursery. I dare say. Ah! there is no sacrifice I would not make to secure her happineas."
This was the simple truth, and he would have verified it with his life if need be.
Returning into his own room, the note upon the table, in her well-known hand, caught his eye. He took it up, and opened it with wondering curiosity. The strange lines dazed him, before he could at all take in their meaning.

at all take in their meaning.

"My darling! My darling! I am not worthy of you, and, therefore, I go. But I do love you with all the strength and force-ness and terror that despair alone can

"" "Where is she gone?" he said, va-cantly, with his hand to his head. "She is scarcely visiting, in her spirits, and in such weather, I fancy. Good heavens' now that I think of it, my father's face scemed full of a tender pity. Perhaps she is sick below, where my mother could be with her."

he with her."

He was downstairs again in a flash, striding into his father's presence.

"Father, is Miriam in my mother's room? She—she, from your look, I fear, is sick, or she would have been here to welcome me. Only let me see her."

"Eugene, my son," began his father, gravely, "sit down and listen to me. You are a man, and will, I am sure, manifest a man's strength. You must prepare yourself for a severe shock."

Eugene was standing in the middle of the floor, a few feet in front of his father, who sat near the fire, in a large arm-

the floor, a few feet in front of his father, who sat bear the fire, in a large arm-chair. The light had all died out from all. the face of the former, until he was the older-looking man of the two, as they stood thus, in striking contrast to each other—the one a type of grave dignity and firmness, the other struggling that he might not display worse than a woman's weakness.

Eugene was running his hand ner-tously through his hair, and seemed to be staring at nothing.

be staring at nothing.

"My son!" exclaimed Mr. Danvers, in a loud, clear tone, "are you listening to me? I told you that I had something

to me? I told you that I had something to tell you."
"Yes—yes," answered Eugene, confusedly: "that is, I am trying to be calm. I would not have you think me less a man than I ought to be. Yes, I will hear you now. What is it?"
"You did not find your—wife in her

Danvers hesitated even now, as

though he hated even here to admit of such a relationship between them.

"No; she was not there."
"Did you see a note upon the table addressed to you?"

"Yes."
"What did it contain?"

What did it contain?" "What did it contain?"
"It is that that puzzles me," said Eugene, in a more natural tone. "Ah! yes, it did quito confuse me at first. There!" handing his father the crumpled bit of paper he had held in his hand. "You can read for yourself. She speaks of being unserthy—she, the angel!—and of going somewhere, because she loves me. Con you availa!"

of going somewhere, because she loves me. Can you explain?"
"Yes; if you will allow me—but, as I said, you must prepare to be overwhelmed with sorrow and shame."
"Hold;" cried Eugene, suddenly, as though to arrest any further expression from the other, or thought within himself. "You used the word 'shame,' father, in connection with my wife. It was accidental, I know, but it was horrible—monstrous! Now go on. This slow torture is killing me. Miriam is in the house?"

He moved a little uneasily, and put his hand to his head again.

"You said no; I will remember that. But I must go to her. Where is she?"

"We do not know."

We do not know,"
Don't know! But-pshaw! She is

out in the carriage, I suppose, and some-thing has detained her. She would have been here to welcome me if she could, I know. She could hardly have thought it

"My boy," said Mr. Danvers, impressively, "why do you seem determined to cheat yourself in this way? Your own chivalrous, high-toned nature forbids you to suspect others; but you have seen enough of the world to know that hyperisy and crime do exist."

pocrisy and crime do exist."

"But general ethics can have nothing to do with this case, father. You saw Miriam at breakfast?"

"No."

"During the night, last night."

"Ah! my God! Then the poor darling has been sorrowing alone in her room, and thinking of her lost boy, until her reason has been disturbed. She had grown feeble and nervous. You have, of course, sent out all our friends and the police—and they have made no rethe police-and they have made no re-

"I must go and direct them, day and night, in person, until she is brought back. Of course, no one will find her so readily as 1. The affinity of our souls will draw us together. I must go at

will draw us together. I must go at once."

Eugene, "said Mr. Danvers, "she will not see you again. What does she say in her note? She is not worthy of you. She saw Guy Fisher here, and grew alarmed. She knew that he was possessed of many facts in her past life which would ruin her in your estimation.

I—."

I must go at day before—she half staggered against a man who was brushing past her. The was different past with the man who was brushing past her. The was brushing past her. The was brushing past her was brushing past her. The was

"Father!" cried Eugene, in a terrible voice, "you may take advantage of our relation to stab me with refined cruelty; but warn your friend, Guy Fisher, that if he breathes her name in my hearing, with other than courtly deference, I shall slay him as I would a tiger. I love her! I trust her! Say nothing, if you will not speak well of her, as you value my life, and would ever look upon my face again."

This might be madness. Mr. Danvers, from his stand-point, thought that it was, and a madness of such dangerons character, that he dared not provoke it farther.

character, that he dared not provoke it farther.

"She has, of course, taken refuge somewhere, and will not be found at once," thought Mr. Danvers, "and in the meantime let him meditate upon what he has heard. Then, should she what he has heard. Then, should she again attempt to deceive him, I can furnish him the proofs. Yet my heart was wrung with pity for him. My God! what a wicked sorceress she was! and how he loved her?"

Yes, Miriam Danvers, in the years to come, when idle tongues shall wag at will about your beauty and your crimes, the crown of cepsure shall be given to

you with these words: "And how he loved her?"

Loyal to the last, Eugene, like the gentleman's son you were, faith and love were so inwoven with your thoughts of her, that the world's scandal only made her, that the world's scandal only made her the purer in your eyes—the vicarious offering upon our earth's guilty altars of sacrifice!

"Her sensitive nature has been ha-"Her sensitive nature has been harassed into the belief that I might love her less for some incident of her old life that she had not thought proper to divulge, while, for my life, I would not have had her recall one memory that could have made her heave a sigh. I required no confession—as I made none—when we agreed to take each other for better or for worse, and I will have none now. Let me but come up with her, and I'll bring her back and save her if she is still alive. And, oh, my God! grant that in this benighting of her mind, she may not dimly recall the fate of her lost child's nurse, with thought to imitate it."

norse, with thought to imitate it."

Never once did he doubt but that she had gone forth, in the aberration of her mind, not knowing what she did, and that sorrow for Cecil had been the leading

Whatever it was, his duty as her loving husband was the same: to hunt for her in person and through all public agencies, until he should find and shelter her once

more.

No time for dinner or other idle delay. No time for dinner or other idle delay. He took horses at the nearest coach stand, and then on to the police stations with speed; for the winter's night was fast coming on. At every solitary female figure going through the streets he looks, and there were many lonely women, desolate as she, perhaps, all houseless in the coming storm this winter's eye, but the coming storm this winter's eve, but the form he sought was not amongst them

form he sought was not amongst them all.

Some lonely moving shadows, with women's drapery about them, he espied in corners of bridges, looking over at the shivering, shimmering waters; or down where the larger shadows of nature towered ahove them by the river's side; and once or twice dark, shapeless objects floated past him, eddying with the tide, more solitary than all the rest; and clinging with a drowning hold upon his thoughts. Was she there? Would he find his queenly idol among the living or the dead? These alone were the thoughts that occapied him during the livelong night; and for many days to come, scarcely tasting food, and taking no rest except when nodding now and then upon the way, through solitary streets, and out upon the yet more solitary heaths, and roads that led off into wild country wastes, where the very shadows of the forest oaks threw a ghastly gloom across the desolate landscape.

forest oaks threw a ghastly gloom across the desolate landscape.

And as the hours went, worth their additional thousands now, as hope became more faint, the impercipient substance of a presentiment occupied the vacant seats beside Eugene, and took gradual possession of his heart and mind, that he should never more find her as she had been in the blessed past, that had been so without a cloud to him. And in those few days, those who had known him all the while, perceived that he was growing old and gray, and murmured, sympathetically:

sympathetically:
"How he loved her!"

CHAPTER XXXIII. GUERRE A LA MORT.

On the morning when Miriam escaped from the Danvers' mansion—that stood back, impressively grand upon its stately grounds, and gave no outward token of the wrongs that had been wrought within—she had drawn her heavy veil about her face, and hurried away at random, only counting upon putting the greatest possible distance between herself and that within the shortest time. To escape for it, and to escape forver, was all

that within the shortest time. To escape from it, and to escape forever, was all her desire now.

"He might pardon me—I believe he would," she murmured; "but I can never face him when he knows all that. He trusted me so fully. Only let me get away now. Only let me never see him

again."
On and still on she strayed, until her feet grew sore and weary, yet she dared

not stop.

Later in the day carriages rattled past Later in the day carriages rattled past her, whose occupants would still have bowed in lowly reverence had they but caught a glimpse of her face, for it was not known to them yet; but she turned away her head, and shrunk along with the timid air of servant who might have been guilty of theft. Weary and more weary she grew, and when the evening came she was still tottering with feeble steps along the obscurer streets, where those who knew her in her power never came. In all her wretchedness she remembered that she was safe here, and she drew aside her veil that her suffocated she drew aside her veil that her suflocated lungs might breathe the freer air. Men and women passed and looked wonder-ingly at her, for over her still splendid beauty there was yet the unmistakable stamp of high cultivation and association, and a childlike pensiveness of expression that the homeless Magdalene cannot assume.

The street lamps were being lit, when, almost fainting from fatigue and hunger—for she had tasted no food since the day before—she half staggered against a hunger pay here. The

"In the name of heaven who are you?"
The veil had fallen partially over her face again, and that face had changed, perhaps, as much as it would ever do between death and burial on this day.

"My name could interest a stranger but little," answered the man, unamiably, "and those who were once my friends, were but too ready to forget it."

"Stop!" she cried, throwing back her veil and lifting her face to his. "Strange as this last encounter may be, after all these years, I know you—you are Caspar Lenux."

as this last encounter may be, after all these years, I know you—you are Caspar Lenox."

"And you?"

She was standing with her back towards the light, and the shadow rendered her features indistinct.

"Do you not know?"

"No."

She grasped him nervously by the arm, and led him back under the full glare of

and led him back under the full glare of the street lamp.

"Now! I suppose I have not changed past recognition in a day. You will not feign ignorance still?"

"No, Miriam Roscer Dupre Daners, I recognize you now," he exclaimed, with a harsh laugh. "Alone in the street at this hour of the night! Was the blow we struck so effectual—so swift?"

"What a devil you always were?" she murmured, in a half soliloquy. "And, oh my God, how I learned to hate you! I must talk to you about this before I die, and the end is not far, I think. Where shall it be? I have something to tell you that the world shall not hear."
"As you spoke of death, and I don't suppose the subject you would discuss is particularly pleasant, suppose we choose an appropriate place, and go in here?"
He had turned down the street, and they were now passing a church set back

they were now passing a church set back among the tombstones. "Into the churchyard?" she asked,

"Into the churchyard?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"Yes; why not?"

"Why not, indeed," she answered, with a bitter laugh, as she followed him through the little gate, "when I hope soon to be here, if they will only give me a place."

"So you are suffering at last?" he said, turning round. "The Bible had told me that if we have faith to remove monntains it shall be done, and I had never believed it until now."

"I have suffered all my life!" she cried

never believed it until now."

"I have suffered all my life!" she cried out bitterly; "and you were demons to pursue me thus. But, thank God, I shall triumph in the end. You have cast me out from my home, you have turned my husband from me, and you have brought me here to die. But you will not wish still to pursue a woman who, of her own choice, has but a few hours to live. I would see my child once more. Take me to him."

nore. Take me to him."

"When you murdered the father?"

"You worse than stock or stone?" she exclaimed; "am I not paying penance for that now? He is better off than you or I. It was of the child I spoke. I must see him."

"It is improssible."

And, besides, she had crossed my path. I did only what she would have done in my place."

"And yet it was for your share in her ruin that I have pursued you, even to this," he fairly hissed in answer. "You are now suffering a part of what she endured for so long."

"Her husband was the one to avenge her," said Miriam, with bowed head.
"Her husband "" repeated Lenox, savagely. "You two were leagued together, until one would have imagined your object was, by a double murder, to unite two of the most wicked people on earth. Yet not even you could have drawn me aside, until my vengeance had first overtaken him!"

"Well," she exclaimed, "it is done. He, you say, is dead, and I am speedily to follow. What would you more?"

"That you should live, and suffer," he replied, with slow emphasis. "Suffer as you have made others do. No, he lives; but his fate is sealed more securely than yours. He is to drag out twenty years in a prison cell."

"Me God! you could feel that towards."

in a prison cell."
"My God! you could feel that towards a man who had befriended you as he did, and yet you call me wicked?" she cried,

n amazement.
"Befriended me for what?" exclaimed

"Befriended me for what?" exclaimed Lenox, in a terrible voice. "That he might have a fag at school, and play the princely patron. By education he increased my capacity to suffer, and then remorselessly put me to the rack. Did I owe gratitude to him?"

"But I can prove to you that he was less guilty than you," replied Miriam, earnestly, "though that is no business of mine. I have papers that I can place in your hands, anything if you will only listen to my prayer to-night, and let me see my boy. Will you do it?"

"No."
"See, I am kneeling in the dust to

"See, I am kneeling in the dust to you. I, who have never sued to mortal before. It is a little thing to grant to a dying woman, that she may see her only child for a few moments, to warn him against the shoals upon which he has been wrecked."

"But we have carefully stored him to might though the whole world could be laid at my feet as a recompense. If that is all you wanted you can go."

"Only tell me?" cried Miriam, clasping her hands wildly, "if you have him

been wrecked."

"But we have carefully steered his bark over the same track," he replied, with a bitter laugh, "and its natural tendency was to follow. No, as your race began with crime, so shall it end."

"Only tell me?" cried Miriam, clasping her hands wildly, "if you have him here—if he is within the sound of my voice. Cecil! Cecil!" she called.

"Cry until you faint," returned Nina, cololly; "but he will not answer you. He is far enough away by this."

And you refuse me still?"

"Yes."
"No prayer for mercy—no confession in move you?"
"No." "No."
"Where is the woman who appealed to me, and whom I spurned; the woman whom I first betrayed, and whom you afterwards made your wife—Nina Da Costa."

Costa?"
"Bah?" he laughed cruelly, still. "You must have known better than that. It was strictly a marriage de concenance, that we might help each other in matters like this."

like this."

"Aud she is not your wife?"

"We are scarcely fonder of each other than you and I, except that we did consent to work together for a while. No."

"Well, I would see her."

"For what purpose? Would you think to move her?"

"She had a woman's heart in her bosom. Yes." like this

with her work"Good evening," said Lenox. "I have brought you a visitor."
Nins turned quickly and confronted the woman in black. Miriam again uncovered her face, and the two stood for a moment, in dumbfounded silence, looking at each other.
"You had not expected me so soon," said Miriam, quite calmly, "but your united work was well done, and I am here."

united work was well done, and I am here."

"Then," answered Nina, with a wicked smile, "for once in my life, I am glad to see you, though I have got to learn the object of your visit."

"I am cast out from home," replied Miriam, in the same tone. "All my crimes are kuown, and shame has overtaken me. I come as you did to me a year ago, to ask for mercy."

"And you shall have it." The tone was cold and hard, and the face cruelly triumphant. "What is it you wish?"

triumphant. "What is it you wish?"
"To see my child, whom you, too, have so long and so wickedly hid from me," answered Miriam. "You have hunted me to the death. I feel it in every throb of my heart. Well, against me you way have had cause of harred. every throb of my heart. Well, against me you may have had cause of hatred, but surely he is innocent. I would see him once more; it is the dying prayer of a mother's heart. Only bring him to me for a few moments before I go."

"Did you ask it of him?" questioned Nina, pointing to Lenox.

"Yes."

"And he refused?"
"Yes."

"And you thought I would heed

"When you murdered the father?"

"You worse than stock or stone?" she exclaimed; "am I not paying penance for that now? He is better off than you or I. It was of the child I spoke. I must see him."

"It is impossible." "Then ilsten to me." She, too, had risen, and now stood before the woman taking him from me?" "Yes." "Then listen to me." She, too, had risen, and now stood before the woman that in taking him from me?" "Yes." "Then why may I not see him?" "He is a thousand miles from here." "You ome to me to sue for mercy. You who have persistently and soulessly destroyed my whole life! You, who, to be revenged on Leonora Leslie, for some unknown cause, slandered her, enticed her husband into your crafty nets, and spent his fortine. You, who had she down on a tombstone, to feeble to stand.

"I tell you," she said, feebly, "there are but a few more hours of life for me. (Can you not see that?"

"You were in almost a similar strait when you made the world, myself included, believe, until very recently, that Louis Dupre was dead. Yet see with what flying colors you came out of that. Your husband may pursue you even now, and agree to forgive the past."

"But I tell you he knows all ere this," she cried, sharply; "and I will hide myself at the bottom of yonder river or occan, rather than see him again."

"Have you thought of Leonora Danvers to-day?" he asked, moodily, standing like Nemesis above her.

"No. She, too, is dead, I suppose. And, besides, she had crossed my path. I did only what she would have done in my place."

"No. She, too, is dead, I suppose. And, besides, she had crossed my path. I did only what she would have done in my place."

"And yet it was for your share in her rain that I have pursued you, even to this," he fairly hissed in answer. "You are now suffering a part of what she endured for so long."

"Her husband was the one to avenge "Yes."

"And still you ask me for mercy?"

"Yes."
The dark circles about Miriam's eyes gave her a spectral look, as she uttered these monosyllables in a clear, hard

these monosyllables in a clear, hard tone.

"Hear me then again," replied Nina, with a ringing laugh. "When I, who had been deserted and forgotten by you both, learned how you had betrayed and tortured and maddened him, my whole nature was changed. Like the dove before, I became an enraged tigress, whose hungry fury was never to be appeased, until you had been hunted down and destroyed with such tortures as you indicted on him. I have traveled through foreign countries, have traversed whole continents, and have crossed stormy oceans. I have walked hundreds of miles alone, have endured hunger and cold and wretchedness, determined that nothing but death should induce me to give over until I could say to my lost love, 'you have been avenged.' And yet, you have come to me!"

"In the name of God, yes."

"A name you never called on, until

"In the name of God, yes."

"A name you never called on, until you were in the dust," returned Nina, sharply. "Nor shall it be profaned now. You had far better appeal to the wind than to me, for that does change. Do you think that I have suffered all this, that each of us—this man here, and I—I mean, have suffered and toiled as we have done, to show mercy to you, when the poisoned arrow first begins to wrankle in your bosom. No, against all the

"Cry until you faint," returned Nina, coldly; "but he will not answer you. He is far enough away by this."

"And you refuse to tell me where?" asked Miriam, suddenly, with a strange gleam in her dark eyes.

"Yes—a thousand times yes."

"And you," she continued, turning towards Lenox.

"I told you ontside. Yea."

towards Lenox.

"I told you outside. Yea."

"But I might tell you a secret in exchange, that you would go down on your knees to me, as I am doing, to learn,"
she exclaimed. "Suppose I could reveal to you the mystery of your birth—could tell you where, among the mighty of the land, you could find your parents, and your true name?"

your true name?"

"Bah." he laughed. "You are subtle at romance. I should never believe you. We are about even now, I think, and I may go. You two can finish your recriminations at leisure," and he started towards the door.

sent to work together for a while. No."

"Well, I would see her."

"For what purpose? Would you think to move her?"

"She had a woman's heart in her bosom. Yes."

"You have changed it to stone," he answered. "So appeal to me—to these images above the dead here, rather than to her."

"I do not believe it. I spurned her, it is true, but she will listen to me now. It can I see her?"

"Yes. Follow me."

He went out with her again, but they had gone but a few hundred yards, when he rapped at the door of a small cottage, and a voice from within bade him enter.

He pushed open the door and walked in, followed by Miriam. Nina DaCosta

child this moment in my arms, and re-store me tenfold to my husband's con-fidence and love. Mark well what I say. I shall take that secret with me to the grave, and you will have to pluck it thence, are you know the blood that pulses through veins. So I shall triumph even then.

She was turning towards the door, when the fatigue and wretchedness of the day overcame her suddenly, and throwing up her hands with a cry, she fell, fainting to the floor.

Lenox lifted her in his arms.

Lenox lifted her in his arms.

"Change her clothing, quickly, and let me summon a physician." he said, hurriedly to Nina. "I would not have her die, now and here, for the world. We must bring her back to life, if attention can do it. If disclosure be necessary, you can summon her husband. You an can an in the constant, we can summon her husband. You in truly say that she appealed to you, d did not wish her whereabouts to be lown by her friends. She must not die." "I, too, would have her live," replied in a. "But go, or it may be too late."

CHAPTER XXXIV. RESTORED.

The Dunvers house kept up its state, The Danvers house kept up its state, as people of the sort somehow can and will, through all. Mrs. Danvers, the elder, was, of course, nervously indisposed—that was perfectly allowable in a woman—and Mr. Danvers unapproachably grave and stern. Eugene came and went sometimes, but all the old joyous life had died out from his walk and look. The servants moved about, in the execution of their duty, as well as paid servants, in a great house will—helping wonderfully, in their own way, to maintain its dignity. Scandai might run riot outside, but here a pall was spread, and no rude

dignity. Scandai might run riot outside, but here a pall was spread, and no rude hand dared turn it down.

Once again, after some days, Mr. Danvers had approached Engene. "My son, you should be reconciled. She would never have abandoned you if she had felt worthy of your love."

"She seas worthy." he replied in a firm tone. "Father I would have you hear me once for all. You see I am calm today, a perfect dead sea calm. You had heard something about my wife when she first came. You have heard something of a much graver nature now, I see. You may believe it; I don't ask you whether of a much graver nature now, I see. You may believe it; I don't ask you whether you do or not, and I don't want to know. I loved her enough to make her my wife, and I will trust her still. There is something divine in believing and having faith, through all the darkness of the world's infidelity. You wish to tell me, I see, but it will do no good. You do not wish to punish me; that is impossible, from the great sympathy I read in your face. Well, cherish that sympathy for ne, if you will. I need it, God knows, but I refuse to hear you. I refuse to be convinced. If she is living, I shall find her. If she is dead, I must submit, for that will be God's work."

And the father was, for once, awed by the son.

But smother it as they would, the fire

But smother it as they would, must burst out,
Young Mrs. Dauvers had grieved for her lost child, until her delicate nervous constitution had been quite upset, and she had left her home, in the temporary fever of delirium, to look for it.
All this sounded very well, and per-

All this sounded very weil, and persons employed to retail it might do so with quite a grave face; but there are people, it. sagacious Yankeedom, you must know, my reader, who will not be fed with chaff, or bamboozled in any

Rumor, always busy, persists that its long nose is as aristocratic as any one's, and that it has a perfect right to thrust it inquisitively into any matter presented for its consideration.

it inquisitively into any matter presented for its consideration.

All the bulletins on earth could not convince it that there was not something radically wrong in the Danvers family. Not to believe this, was to confess yourself nobody. Young Mrs. Danvers had been a remarkable woman; and she had had a head. Oh, yes, a head much too steady to be upset for anything. At Tiffany's, the great mercantile emporium, this the great mercantile emporium, this splendid patroness of their stock was freely discussed by the tradesmen behind

the counter.

Loftily inscrutable as she had appeared, they had never—do you know—believed her exactly right. She had been far too handsome. Women themselves, and certainly their parents and husbands, are much better off when they have not more than their share of beauty. She had been a stranger, too, and the wisely wary will always look after the antecedents of an unknown and beautiful woman, who flashes suddenly into the very zenith of high life, from—nobody knows where. And it was rumored that Engage Danyers had taken her quite of any lowever, when they all agree that she is fast recovering, and will soon by well, able les down upon the bed "to sleep for a while," she says, bad they "You are not well." "I am content." answered Wertham. where. And it was rumored that Eugene Danvers had taken her quite on trust, with no other security than her face. She had been confessedly the widow of an army officer, and the camp is not a good school for a pretty woman'

At balls and suppers and operas, in se-lect coteries where ahe has been freely admitted peeress; at levees, where she has queened royally, they handle her admitted peeress; at levees, where she has queened royally, they handle her now with gloves, it is true, but something roughly for all that. How had it happened? With whom had she gone? Elopements were shocking things, but they were becoming quite common. And so she is discussed by her set, with studied shoulder abrugs, with the

with studied shoulder shrugs, with the raciest slang in vogue, amongst street-corner swells; and that perfection of indifference which the haut ton can manifest for our direst misfortunes.
"Poor, dear Eugene! As good a fellow as ever lived. But always was a little odd, you know, and would have his own way. He might have known she was not to be trusted."

And Eugene!

was not to be trusted."

And Eugene:

The hardiest of them all would not have dared one shrug or stang before him for all they were, or might be worth in worldly goods. And Mr. and Mrs. Dan-

"Your sister only in misfortune," Cas-par Lenoz, instructed, in secret. "tihe appealed to you as woman to woman not to betray her, and you promised. But her life is at stake. They will never know you. Send for her husband." That was easily managed. The lady

That was easily managed. The lady had come about nightfall from the streets, and relating a touching story, without telling her name, had fallen in a swoon upon the floor. They were sisters in misfortune now, and it had been only through delirious mutterings, and the advertisements in the papers, that she had begun to suspect.

advertisements in the papers, that she had begun to suspect.
Eugeise came, as every one knew he would, in eager haste. He never doubted the truth of what he heard, He was satisfied to find Miriam at last. He would make this seemingly good woman who had protected her rich, though she might bury the reward as Athelstane did coming out of the Danish camp, as soon as his back was turned.

Poor, hollow-eyed Miriam, she had dreaded this encounter, as worse than death, while she knew all; but now that she knew nothing, it affected her not at

death, while she knew all; but now that she knew nothing, it affected her not at all. If she could have seen him; could have known all he felt, above humiliation, some comfort might surely have come to her at the last, but he was as the veriest stranger to her.

Great physicians came and went, and on the earliest possible day, she was transported back to the grand old place, and up the stately stairway to her own old rooms.

and up the stately stairway old rooms.

Eugene had written briefly to his father, saying, "Shall I bring her there, or take her with me to a public house?" And Philip Danvers, learning from Dr. Westman that the end was very near, replied, for Eugene's sake, but with reluctance still:

"Here!"

Not so near as they thought.

"Here!"

Not so near as they thought.
Night and day, night and day, by her side, watched Eugene; but no word or smile of recognition greeted him still. Her mind seemed far away, wandering through unknown realms.
Great physicians came and went, came and went, and still the end had not come. Dr. Westman still reported death as waiting at the door. But, monsieur le docteur, it was not ready to enter yet.
At last she began to mutter somewhat more coherently of the things about her, and to sit up in bed, but there was yet no light of reason in her eye.
Nina had dropped once or twice into the servant's hall to learn how the lady was.

the servant's hall to learn how the lady was.

"Going," some of the attendants reported, "but she certainly does hold on. One or two of the doctors contend that if her child could be brought back, her reason might yet be restored, and she could live; but as they have not found the boy yet they are not likely to do it, I think. He must be dead."

This was reported at once to Lenox.

"I will telegraph for the child, without delay," he cried. "We have no farther need for him. He shall be restored to her now, to bring her back to the things of this world, if possible. She mass not die!"

the things of this world, if possible. She must not die?"

Must not, if love or hatred can prevent; but Caspar Lenox knew that the death angel heeds not the prayers of one or the imprecations of the other. Our idols are cut down and our enemies thourish. And it is madness in us to cry to cry to the deaf reaper, "What doest thou?" We cannot stay or turn his work. work.

work.

Too late, Cecil, too late. Arriving at the depot, Jack Robinson tells you it is best for you, henceforth to return to the great house, and win its patronage by obedience. And truth to say, he is something weary, and has not found his romantic life altogether so jolly as he had thought; so he goes in with a half sullen, half sheepish "How-dy" to Eugene, and "the stupid old people," and hides his face in the covering, and cries rather boisterously at his mother's side, but she turns away with a frown, at the

rather boisterously at his mother's side, but she turns away with a frown, at the noise, and does not know him.

After a while, however, she calls him Cecil, and speaks to Eugene by name, but there is neither remorse nor kindling affection in her eyes, and the learned M. D.'s declare her mind quite irrevocably gone. But not yet so entirely, as they think.

The young Mrs. Danvers was such a remarkable woman, as quite to defy all rules, and she begins to walk about her room, and to speak to those around her in much the same fashion as of old. She is one rulous, and has forgotten that she is one rulous, and has forgotten that she is energlous, and has forgotten that she is energlous.

sleep for a while," she says, and they find, on coming to her, that she has dis-appointed them again, and that the end has come.

Yes, Miriam sleeping "for a while;" but the awakening must be before the bar of God!

bar of God!

[TO BE CONTINUED.] LOOKING FORWARD.

One hundred years from now! Have you ever thought of it? When you see the fading leaf, the opening bud, or the perfect blossom, did you ever think who willook upon the flowers that will bloom, the buds that will unfold, or the leaves that will fall and wither, one hundred years from now? Or, when you have walked the streets, meeting the people that pass and repass like the waves of the ocean, did you ever think who will walk these streets one hundred years from now? Such thoughts are not pleasant, yet it is well to cherish them, that we may realize more fully the fleeting nature of earthly things. Yes, they are sad thoughts! yet the pulse must cease its beating—decay must set its seal on the perishing frame, while the soul feels not the touch of time and years.

We know that each passing season

for all they were, or might be worth in worldly goods. And Mr. and Mrs. Danvers wept as they looked at him, murmuring deep down in their hearts, "It is better so." But even this they would not tell him now, for all their wealth. And all this while, Miriam had lain in the house of the woman who had pursued her to her downfall, dangerously ill by turns, wildly delirious or lethargically stupid. Much talked she all this while of Louis Dupre, of Cecil and Allaine, of her father and the Danvers household, but no word of what she had hinted on that last night to Caspar Lenox had since passed her lips. Talk to her as they would, her answer was: "It must die with me; to know it he shall wring it from my grave."

"Your aister has something on her mind." said the old doctor, who how, and the control of the great destrumped the skies may be as beautiful, and the earth robed in as much lovelines, yet the eyes that now look upon that last night to Caspar Lenox had since passed her lips. Talk to her as they would, her answer was: "It must die with me; to know it he shall wring it from my grave."

"Your aister has something on her mind." said the old doctor, who how."

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

BY ASTLEY B. BALDWIN.

I know quite well just now it's all the rage To bend the knee to "woman's heavenly To send tax asset to "woman a neave And brauty."
Hut, oh, ye men, ye men, if ye but know
Hut, oh, ye men, ye men, if ye but know
When all her woman and the send ye will be a year.
When all her petty vanities adore,
When trashy compliments you think must ple
her.

her, "Tis very like you'll find to your surprise. That real women "worshiping," despise. A woman true, to empty air will scatter. Man's fulsome words that crawl and it

A woman true, to very large and lie ame flatter,
Man's fulsome words that crawl and lie ame flatter,
Content to be what Heaven's wisdom made her,
And fly the bending fools who but degrade her;
Who make her eyes "bright stars," or "gems of flame,"
And find for every grace some sickly name;
No "diamonds" shine in her laughing eyes,
No "purest bine of heaven's asure skles;"
No "prosebude" fair her "fairy cheeks "adorm,
No" "ruddy mantle of the bashful morn;"
Cheeks simply blushing with the wind's caresses,
Eyes bright, and comerimes" silky-looking
trosses;"

Iresses;"
Lips that may cometimes kisses "half invite,"
But not "like Cupid's bow"—that simile's te
trite.

trite.

She knows that Heaven never meant
An "angel" should on earth be sent;
Such impious flattery she scores,
And woman's proper sphere adorns.

This is the helpmate that will please a tru

No "angel," but a simple, loving woman.
No "goideas" she, and well, right well, she
knows it,
In every daily act of life she shows it;
A "goideas" cos2"—the thought is far too

A "goddess could be good water gree! A "goddess" making water gree!!
A "goddess" hashing up cold legs of mutton A "goddess" sawing on a stray shirt-button!
Nay, nay—a true-soul'd woman well affords. To rise above such worship and such words. Happy, if loved where she herself loves best, She'll live and love, and go without the rest;
The angel's crown on earth she'll cheerfull resign.

The angel's crown on earth she'll encertuing resign.
Content if, duty done, she wins a crown divine.

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE. No. A .- THE WHITE BOSE.

The following singular legend dates back to the thirteenth century. There dwelt at this period, in the Abbey of Sain, a venerable and ascetic monk, called Wertham. His lank cheek, deep-sunk eyes, and wrinkled visage, clearly indicated that he was far advanced in years. Habitually reserved, most punctual and precise in his attendance to his monastic duties, being remarkable for a rigid observance of the rules made by the Prior for the guidance of the brotherhood, Wertham carried fast, penance, and self-denial to its uttermost limits. Sad, silent, thoughtful, and at times melan-Wertham carried fast, penance, and self-denial to its uttermost limits. Sad, silent, thoughtful, and at times melancholy, he seemed to be a man who had bid adieu to all earthly joys or sorrows, and so the years sped on over the silvered head of the passionless monk, until at length something happened—a circumstance apparently of no very great import—which changed the current of his thoughts, changed also his bearing and demeanor.

thoughts, changed also his bearing and demeanor.

The bell had rung for matins—the monks were chanting in the chapel—the sonorous voice of the priest was heard beneath the arched roof. Wertham glanced at the cushion of his chair; his eyes were riveted on one small object lying there—it was a white rose! With tremulous hands he took up the flower, and then sank into his seat with a heavy sigh. Those who happened to be near sigh. Those who happened to be near him at this time did not at first notice the change that had come over their companion, whose countenance exhibited a more than usual pallor. There was a nervous twitching about the corners of the mouth, a strange glitter in the eyes, which caused one of the monks to whis-

first time, Wertham neglected answering to the responses. He sat mute and im-movable in his chair, apparently heedless of all that was passing. He held in his hand a fatal signal, the

"I ou are not well."
"I am content," answered Wertham, accepting the proffered arm, "quite content. It is no more than I expected—what I have been looking for."
"How? What mean you?"
"The white row."

"The white rose!"
"Oh!" exclaimed the other, who was, "Oh!" exclaimed the other, who was, however, in no way enlightened, for he could see nothing so very terrible in the queen of flowers. He, however, forbore from all further questioning, and led his enfeebled companion to his cell, whither he had requested to be conducted.

"Thanks, my friend—many thanks," said Wertham, stretching himself on his couch of wood. "So—that is well."

"You need advice, care, and attendance," observed the monk; "and you must permit me——"

must permit me—."
"Peace" exclaimed the sick man, with a deprecatory gesture. "I best know what I need."

"But you are ill-worse than you "No, no; you are mistaken."
"Life is a precious gift."
"To some it may be, but to me it is

or You must let me have my way this once. I will hasten for assistance, and bring back with me the doctor."
"I do not desire to see him. His services are not needed—they are useless."

That is impossible for either of us to tell."
"Utterly useless," repeated Wertham, holding forth the rose. "See here; this is the token—the symbol. My sands of life are well-nigh run. Do me one last

favor."
"Name it, and it shall be done." "Tell Father Hugo that I would fain

her father and the Danvers household, but no word of what she had hinted on that last night to Caspar Lenox had since passed her lips. Talk to her as they would, her answer was: "It must die with me; to know it he shall wring it from my grave."

"Your sister has something on her mind," said the old doctor, who, however, chanced to be a good one, to Nina. "There is some one she wishes to see; and unless she does, she must die."

"Tell Father Hugo that I would fain speak with him."

The monk at once hastened to make known the wishes of the sick man, whom he believed to be in imminent danger. Father Hugo happened to be away. He had left the abbey to pay his usual visits to the poor in the immediate neighborhood. Under these circumstances, the Prior returned with Wertham's messenses."

Too earnest a desire to excel, often sets a man below his real worth in the estimation of others.

life—"" exclaimed the sick man.
"I do not value my life. All that is past
now. Before I leave this world—while
I have strength left me—I would fain
make known a secret which has been
well kept through many sad and solitary
vears."

well kept through many sad and solitary years."

The priest bowed reverently; and then, drawing a chair towards the couch, he sat down by the bedside of the speaker.

"I am all attention," he observed, quietly. "Proceed."

Passing his withered hand twice or thrice across his wrinkled forebead, the monk looked in the face of his companion, and heaved a deep sigh.

"Ah, Father Hugo," he murmured, "you were very young when the last Count of Sain was in possession of the castle—very young!"

"I was so," answered the priest.

"But I am not unmindful or forgetful of one fact. The count was my patron; the best friend I have ever known. Without him, the blessings of education would have been denied me. I have reason to bless the memory of Count Hebna von Sain. He passed away in the prime of manhood. Alas, that he should have been prematurely snatched from us!"

"I have something to tell about him."

from us!"
"I have something to tell about him."
"You?" exclaimed the priest, in a tone
"Having given utterance to this

"You?" exclaimed the priest, in a tone of surprise.
"Yes, me!"
"I never knew you were acquainted with the count."
"He was headstrong and passionate," said the monk; "and when quite a young man, was enamoured of a beauteous girl, whom he met abroad. His love for her might be likened to a torrent which carried everything before it. Never, surely, was mortal man so passionately devoted to one of the opposite sex as was the Lord of Sain. I cannot tell you whether she was ever really attached to him; but she was ever really attached to him; but I am inclined to think not. It will be enough, however, for my purpose to declare that she made him believe so. He married her. After the union, Count Hebna grew mistrustful of his accomplished and beauteous wife. Oh, Father Hugo, no one knows besides himself, the miserable days passed by this wretched victim to the fatal passion jealousy, which, like the upas tree of Java, poisons everything beneath its fatal boughs. Suspicious, watchful—alternating between hopes and fears—the count listened I am inclined to think not. It will be en hopes and fears—the count lists tween nopes and rears—the count instened to the counsel of one whom he deemed his friend. He was persuaded by this person to set a watch upon the movements of the woman in whom he ought to have placed implicit confidence; but when once this dreadful passion takes "And I root in the breast of its unhappy victim, him dead!"

with a bitter smile. "Do not think I am wandering; when you have heard me to the end, you will acknowledge the truth of all that I am about to make known to you."

"The Count Sain I knew was an

honorable gentleman, and-

"No more!" interrupted the monk.
"He was so—or, at any rate, was deemed
so. Do not interrupt me."
"Pardon me; but it is not easy to reconcile your story with what I have
known of the person's character."

known of the person's character."

"You will, perhaps, hear me to the
end, and then draw your own conclusion.
I have said that the count caused a watch
to be set upon the movements of his unsuspecting wife. He was informed by
one of his emissaries that she paid frequent visits to a habitation-a sn quent visits to a nantation—a small con-tage—where she was in the habit of meeting a young man, who was a Swiss by birth—the countess herself was a na-tive of Switzerland—and the natural con-clusion was that these secret meetings clusion was that these secret meetings were given to some lover whom she had known and encouraged before she had become acquainted with her present lord. Count Hebna von Sain was at this time on active service in the Holy Land; but those who kept watch and ward over his lady communicated with him at stated intervals. He greedily devoured every scrap of news forwarded, and lent a willing ear to the fatal angrestions of villing ear to the fatal angrestions. ling ear to the fatal suggestions of the spies who carried on a system of espion-age in the immediate neighborhood of his castle."

his castle."

"This appears to me to be perfectly incredible," observed Hugo.
"Be assured, my friend, that it is but too true, incredible as it may appear,"

answered Wertham.

"And was the countess—"
"Guiltless?" interrupted the narrator. "You shall hear. Wait for the bitter end."

bitter end."

"Then she had enemies?"

"Who has not?"

"Alas, yes! the best and noblest cannot escape calumny!"

"I ought to have informed you that the countess was of humble parentage. She was not nobly born; her father was a farmer in Switzerland, who was properous enough to have the means of size the second of the secon

whom he spoke some words of comfort, winding up his discourse with the request that he would consent to see the doctor. It will be of no avail if I do so; but, since you desire it, I must, perforce, consent," answered Wertham, sadly." I am past all surgery now."

The doctor came. He found the patient weak and prostrated. He prescribed medicaments, which had the effect of increasing the flagging pulse of the sinking man, who was removed to a more comfortable apartment. All these arrangements were carried out without his offering any opposition; and in the after part of the day those in attendance upon him began to have hopes that he would rally. Not so the patient himself; he never for a moment doubted but that his last hour was approaching. His eyes, however, brightened when he was told that Father Hugo had returned. Few men of his time had greater reputation for learning and honor than the last-named ecclesiastic. Far and near, Hugo was known as the friend of the poor—as an honest, upright, high-minded, zealous churchman.

Upon reaching the apartment occupied by the sick monk, he hastened at once to afford him such consolation as the circumstances of the case demanded.

"You must not deny yourself those comforts which have now become a necessity, and without which it will be impossible for you to recover," said Iluga, in a kind tone. "You have subjected yourself to such a rigorous discipline, that it is not to be wondered at that you should be thus weak and prostrate. I conjure you, as you value your life—"
"Peace!" exclaimed the sick man. "I do not value my life. All that is past in the while a serpent lay coiled round his heart—a serpent lay coi through the ordinary routine of business, apparently with the most perfect composure, but all the while a serpent lay coited round his heart—a serpent he had himself nurtured and cherished. Mad fool that he was!

"After remaining some time at Sain, he prepared to take his departure, for the purpose, as he professed, of returning to Palestine."

"And was not this so?" inquired the priest.

"And was not this so?" inquired the priest.

"No; he went secretly in search of his truant wife. At the base of one of that trust chain of mountains, whose enormous precipices, extensive regions of perpetual snow, and glaciers that resemble seas of ice, are contrasted by the vineyard and cultivated field—the richly-wooded brow, and the verdant valley and crystal stream—at the base of one of these did Count Hebna von Sain find his wife. She was not alone. A young wife. She was not alone. A young man-he whom she had been in the habit man—he whom she had been in the habit of meeting—was by her side, presenting her with a white rose. The infuriated husband, mad with passion, rushed forward, and his avenging sword passed through the body of the ill-fated youth, who recled back a few paces, and then fell back to the earth lifeless.

"The countess fixed her eyes upon his murderer.

mon—you have slain my brother?'
"Having given utterance to this
speech, she fled, and hastened at an incredible speed up the mountain. The credible speed up the mountain. The count followed, scarcely knowing why he did so, for at this time he was a prey he did so, for at this time he was a prey to an agonizing sense of remorse. Quickly, with the fleetness of an antelope, the countess gained one of the peaks of the mountain.

"'Hear me—have pity on me!' ejacu-lated her husband, in moving accents.

"Never again, she answered, 'never more will I listen to words of yours!

Live on, wretched man—live on through the bitter years that are to come. When your last hour is approaching, I will send you this as a token. She held forth the white rose for a moment, and then plunged headlong into the abyas beneath. "Full eight-and-thirty years have passed since that day, and to me they have been years of sorrow and repentance. Father Hugo, I have suffered much; and now, when relief comes, I feel thankful. See how well she has kept the promise! Here is the webite rose." Live on, wretched man-live on through

The priest was silent; he was intently anning the features of the speaker.
"Can it be?" he murmured. "Impossible!"

"And I never suspected it-deemed

root in the breast of its unhappy victim, he is lost—irretrievably lost!

"I never knew aught of this sad story," ejaculated Hugo; "never suspected it.
Are you certain as to the facts?" eturned the monk, with a bitter smile. "Do not think I am wandering: when you have beard."

"And are you—"

"And are you—"
"I am he," answered the dying monk.
Father Hugo remained thoughtful and silent for some little time; the narrative he had heard, sadly perplexed blm.
"But Count Hebna received his death-would in the last of the intile." wound in the land of the infidel." he said

"He was severely wounded; so much so, indeed, as to remain for hours in a state of insensibility beneath a heap of slain. When these last were removed, slain. When these last were removed, be returned to consciousness. His wounds were attended to by his pagan conquerors, who kept him in close con-finement for very many years. Captiv-ity, in addition to the sharp stings of an accusing conscience, wrought a change in Count Sain; a premature old age seemed to fail upon him, and when it so seemed to rail upon him, and when it so chanced that he was enabled, by accident rather than design, to make his escape from the hands of the unrighteous, he was so strangely altered in appearance as not to be recognizeable by his most intimate friends or associates. He wan-dered about on the continuate for dered about on the continent for se years after this, visiting spects endeared to him by early recollection, but he could not find it in his heart to return to his ancestral home. The castle eventually passed into other hands. For the remaining portion of this history, you must refer to the dull, monotonous life of Wertham, the monk."

"My carliest and best friend—and is it thus we meet? How blind—how in-excusable I must have been, not to have suspected this! My patron! the good, kind, noble Count von Sain!" exclaimed kind, noble Count von Sain!" exclaimed Father Hugo, bending over the prostrate form of the dying monk. "Cheer up, my noble master. You must live on for a short time longer. It is cruel to have remained so long silent. Speak! Answer me. Say one word—only one word, Count Hebna! Alas! he heeds me not."

"I both hear and heed what you say," returned the monk. "Words are uscless now. My last wishes and desires you will find in yonder paper. I need not tell you, Hugo, to see that they are carried out."

The father confessor pressed the cold hand of the speaker in token of consent.

The father confessor pressed the cold-hand of the speaker in token of consent. Then followed a silence, and when Father Hugo looked again in the face of his companion, the eyes were closed—the features rigid—the hands were crossed over the chest—they rested on the white rose. Wertham was dead!



A POINT any woman can appreciate

Why is love like a potato? Because it shoots from the eye.

Love without money is something like patent-leather boots without soles.

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people? Because you can't make them here.

THERE are two things in this life for which a man is never prepared, and that is twins.

"AMATRUR gentlemen," says an old lady, "is a pretty good description of a certain class of young men."

THREE things that never agree: Two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house and two lovers after one lady.

The new Chicago lake turned is euphemistically called "another sublacustrino source of agus pura for the million."

A LANDORO, having lot all his houses but one, was asked if that unlet house was his last. "Yes, last, but not leased," was his rolly.

was his last. "Yes, last, but not leased," was his reply.

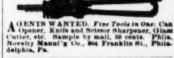
THE word love in the Indian language is "Schemlendamourtchwager." Only think of it, girls, through your myriad fascinations, causing respectable young men to fall head over heels in schemlendamourtchwager with you! Why, its "perfeckedly 'orful."

Thus Gallowing its a characteristic

THE following is a characteristic prayer from the heart of a little boy. He had evidently had a little "unpleasantness" with Aunt Effic: "Please, God, bless papa and mamma, and—and—and if you're a mind to, you may bless Aunt Effic; but! don't care."



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We promised to describe more in de-ial some of the contumes in the popular achemire de l'Inde. It comes in many hades, and is suttable for different occa-

some—the promenade—the drive—to options, and even dinner and wvening wear.

For these latter occasions the pale tints of rose, blue, gray and buff are very charming—especially when worn as over-dresses above a silk skirt, of either black or some neutral tint—or a shade darker than the eschemire.

We saw a lovely model of pale pink, just the tint of the outer leaves of a Provence rose. It was made with a long apron front, which, however, instead of being all in one piece, was open down the front, and held together by bows of faille ribbon of a shade darker than the cachemire. A deep fringe of silk twist, headed by a pearling of white jet, survounded this overwhirt. It was drawn hack in losse plaits or folds upturning. A plain straight width was placed at the back, and caught up halr way down, forming a bouffante under the basque taba. The ends were trimmed with the same fringe, and were also embroidered in a pattern of palm leaves, done in pink twist and white jet. The basque was heart shape in front, and had a flaring collar ending in revers, which were lined with white faille. The forms at the back were lengthened to a half yard in depth, lined with white faile, and then turned under to form four loops. Under each loop was placed a plain tab, souare at the end, and edged with fringe in depth, lined with white faille, and then turned under to form four loops. Under each loop was placed a plain tab, square at the end, and edged with fringe and a beading of white jet. The sieves were half tight to the elbow; falling from thence in a double frill, plaited, of the onchemire, and lined with white faille. How of faille ribbon were placed on the outer seam, just where the frill joined the rest of the sleeve. How of faille closed the front of the basque instead of buttons. The fronts of the basque ended in four short, square tabs. This garment was to be worn over an underskirt of heavy black faille, or black velvet, and for dinner or evening wear, as its color would indicate.

Next we saw an entire costume of pearl-gray cachmere for the street.

The underskirt was trimmed in front with a deep scant flounce of the same, headed by a band of siate-colored velvet, above which was a scant standing ruffle, evalured on the edges and hound with some

headed by a band of sinte-colored velvet, above which was a scant standing ruffle, scalloped on the edge and bound with velvet of a shade to match the bias band or fold. This flounce was continued upon the back widths, only being deeper as it approached the middle of the back; and having at each side, where it met and joined the trimming of the front widths, three over-lapping bias pieces of the ruffle which headed the flounce, and similarly scalloped and bound, the scalloped edges turning toward the front. The back widths were lined with fine crimoline, and laid in a large triple box plait; this plait held in place by tapes placed at intervals down the scans until within a half yard of the bottom of the skirt.

placed at intervals down the seams until
within a half yard of the bottom of the
skirt.

The overdress was rounded in front,
and had two full back widths; it was
trimmed with a bias of the same, sealloped at the edges and bound with velvet.
Two rows of velvet, cut bias, and half as
wide as the velvet band upon the underskirt, headed the scalloped piece. It
was looped at each side by a round passamenteric ornament of crochet, beaded
with steel beads or "peries," as they are
termed in Paris; two tassels hung below
the round ornament, which we must
not forget to mention was of silk twist,
the same shade as the velvet. A wide
sash of velvet, edged with fringe, was
loosely looped tegether over the bouffant
back.

Over the plain cuirass basque was worn
a dolman cape, adjusted to the figure in
the back, and having bretelles crossing
the shoulders, scalloped and bound as
was the trimming upon the overskirt,
also headed with a small scalloped ruffle.
The tuck of the dolman below the
waist by a bias band of velvet, about six
inches long, and fastened at each end by
passamenteric ornaments and tassels,
similar to those on the overskirt.
The wide-hanging sleeves of the dolman were

shade of the veiver, and studied with side prepries."

The hat worn with this very elegant costume was of black velvet, with a halo front, lined with pale blue; on the left side two half-blown Bengal rosse; beyond which was a bird of shaded gray, and two ostrich tips, one blue, one gray.

We have seen two costumes for a little girl so charming. The hat we must briefly seemed to feel no fear, only pity and symmetry for the missengle property.

We have seen two contumes for a little girl, so charming, that we must briefly describe them.

One was of navy blue vigogue, made in two pieces, skirt and jacket. The front of the skirt is trimmed with seven bias folds of the same, placed at regular intervals apart, and fastened at the left side with three bows of the vigogue, lined with fulle. The folds were piped with faille.

lined with blue faille. The folds were piped with faille.

The basque was tight fitting, having a round collar of the same lined with faille, and with revers of the latter, which met at the waist, and were joined by a bow of vigogne and faille—from thence widened until they reached the bottom of the basque. Sieeves half tight, with a deep-pointed cuff bound with faille, and trimmed with a small fold and two large smoked pearl buttons. Similar buttons close the front.

The back of the skirt laid in kilt plaits. The other sait was of gray pop-

Similar buttons close the front.

The back of the skirt laid in kilt plaits. The other suit was of gray poplin. The front of the underskirt laid in ten large kilt plaits, falling loose, and headed by a box pleated ruffle, lined and hound with gray faille. Four bias founces, trimmed with a narrow bias of silk, completed the back. A short apron overskirt, with a bias of silk around it, and perpendicular biases ending in a point, and about two and a half inches long, placed at regular intervals, surrounding it, was looped at the back, and had a short sash of silk. The basque was double breasted, fastening from the laft choulder down in a graceful curve that sleped to the left from the waist finoled pearl buttons, and biases of silk like those upon the overskirt, fastened and cramsented the front. Similar biases and buttons trimmed the coat sleeves.

Children, little girls, we mean, need felt hats with the brim turned up all round, and trimmed with bright outrich tips and gay tropical birds. Cardinal red is very popular as trimming for black silks for ovening wear. Plousness are bound with it, revers lined, cuffs of sleeves made, and to complete the costume, a wide anah of silk or ribbon of the same shade wors.

Long earrings are not as fashionable as small round ones. White silk neck ties, with deep-knotted fringe, are fashionable.

Answers to correspondents.

Mrs. P. K., Du Hois, Ill.—Answered your letter this week, and sent samples of the windlass pulleys a moment away that was clame or on a fashion and controlled from the windlass pulleys a moment away that was clame or on a fashion and controlled fringe, are fashionable.

Bive others—or the "morning watch," as it must be up at the mines. Let us go on."

All was still, swe the rush and rumble of the miners, found the sentinels alert, and then repaired to our tents.

"Some wild bears, or bird," I said to myself; and you can fancy anything you please on such an echoing night at this; but Warner made not the least common the least common the least of the miners, found the sentinels alert, and then repaired to our tents.

"Some wild bear, for the winders, found the sentinels alert, and then repaired to our tents.

"Some wild bear, for the miners, found the sentinels alert, and then repaired to our tents.

"Some wild bear, for the miners, found the sentinels alert, and then repaired to our tents.

"Some wild bear, for the miners, found the sentinels alert, and then repaired to our tents.

"Some wild bear, for the miners, found the sentinels alert, and then repaired to our tents.

"Some wild bear, for the miners, found the sentinels alert, and then repaired to our tents.

"Some wild bear, for the miners, found the sentines, found the sentines are the miners, found the sentines.

The day was done and its labors, but my mind refused to rest with my body, and therefore, I was rather glad to see

Mas. P. K., Du Hois, Ill.—Answered your letter this week, and sent samples of silk, with prices attached. Hope they

of silk, with prices attached,
may please you.

Paulant L.—You can, of course, have
your wedding dress of satia. We prefer
heavy faille. Bouillonees of tulle or
crepe lians will be appropriate trimming.
Have your veil of tulle simply hemmed.
Combine jessamine and smilax with the
conventional orange blossoms.

Para R—Your gray silk with long

conventional orange blossoms.

Ella R.—Your gray silk with long train can be made very fashionable by slightly drawing up the back widths, to form a bouffant or puff, and trimming the front to similate an apron overskirt. We would advise bias folds, and fringe of a darker shade; also get a sash of a shade to match the fringe.

ahade to match the fringe.

Brill B., Maryaville, Kansas.—There is such a trimming as "blue jet." It is a dark shade of blue, quite fashionable for trimming silks, sacques, etc., but rather expensive. Your "Empress cloth" would be pretty, having the underskirt trimmed with two kilt-pleated flounces, live or six inches wide, headed by folds of same or silk the same shade. Polonaise, quite long, tied back very far with folds of same or silk; high standing collar and pointed cuffs of silk. Yes, we can furnish any patterns desired.

THE TWO HANDS.

A large brown hand by labor stained Four snowy fingers prest. As though a swarthy Cyclope strained A white maid to his breast.

And fondly did that brown hand hold Those fingers white as mow, As though it were a link of gold That would not let them go.

Time passed on. The two hands clasp Another newly given; As though they'd found an angel's grasp To draw them up to heaven.

Once more the brown hand and the white Are linked. He cold: so fast!— As though true loving bearts units More closely at the last.

LIFE ON THE LONE CONTINENT

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

No. 7. WARNER'S CRY.

Warner was a general favorite at the mines, both with the other officers and with the convicts. He was invariably kind and low spoken, but his pale, melancholy features never lighted

pale, melancholy features never inguised up with a smile.

We were working a new mine. It had been opened by a party of speculators who showed great wisdom in making the officers shareholders, thus securing an interested overseeing not felt by mere

hirelings.

We had to illustrate an old proverb

passamenterie ornamenta and tassels, similar to those on the overskirt. The wide-hanging sleeves of the delman were satisfied with the exchange. He was steady at any task, and patient under all requirements, especially, remarkably so, with the miners, who were as wild, fierce, brutal and develued to the shade of the velvet, and studded with

should you, in one sense, care? They are criminals, of the blackest type, but they knew when they were outraging mankind, by breaking the law, that it might, nay would, finally, come to this?"

"But it is hell, captain," he retorted, ferrely, "hell before their time. Chained—tigers and hyenas together—where it is torment not to fight, and death if they do. Ah, God! how I pity them! reeking and foaming and tainting in the weird, ghastly and unnatural light of the metal tombs, realizing that when they are released from there, that it is only to enter the open gate of hell."

His vehemence frightened me, because it was so unnatural; and the terrible picture which he had drawn was horrible because of its truth.

I did not remonstrate with him again, but I watched him often, while strange sensations crept along my nerves.

There were twenty of us officers and overseers, and more than fifty convicts; but our smaller party was vigilant, prompt and forewarned by fatal results elsewhere occurring from a remission of duty.

If men would only run as many risks,

elsewhere occurring from a remission of duty.

If men would only run as many risks, and endure as many hardships and dangers to secure Heaven, as they do to secure gold, we should live this earthly life under a different rule and dispensation from the present.

We knew that our gang was composed of desperate characters, and our sentinels were brave and determined men. Pive men had their meditations to themselves until the middle of each night, when they were relieved and replaced by

Achange. He was recommended and patient under all requirements, and returned to my until my patience was exhausted, then the makes of they had been drafted, with make prepense, from every chaingaing on the Lone Continent.

If often descended, out of the regular corner, and counting rapidly.

"Twenty, twenty-two, twenty-five."
On my entrance he uttered an ejacutation of relieved aurprise.
"Ah, you are come. I was just going out in quest of you. I was afraid that you were left down there."
"Come Warner," said I, determinedly.
"One I remonstrated with him.
"It's risky, Warner; and, really, why should you, in one sense, care? They are criminals, of the blackest type, but a should you, in one sense, care? They are criminals, of the blackest type, but a should you, in one sense, care? They are criminals, of the blackest type, but a should you, in one sense, care? They are criminals, of the blackest type, but a should you, in one sense, care? They are criminals, of the blackest type, but a should you, in one sense, care? They are criminals, of the blackest type, but are criminals.

Nearly a month again there, crouched

back.
"Did you call, captain?"
"No; but I beard a cry.

The next day, when labors were over, Warner returned with me, and I was immediately struck with his haggard looks.

"Warner, are you sick?" I asked. He started violently.

"I believe that I am," he said, after a moment's pause, during which time he seemed to be striving to swallow something that choked him.

"Why did you not mention it? We would have let you off duty," I went on.

"Oh, I can't be let off," he said, in a deep, harsh whisper. "He might be left down there any night. Half the time they are not counted right."

I looked at him in amazement.

"Who is it? Whom do you mean?" He shook his head, and shook it again. I could only grasp the instant's suggestion that among the convicts he had discovered some near and dear friend.

Two, nights after this. Warner not the first part of No. 20 with my pistol range, I went up the hill and saw him steal into his mess. I then passed stealthily around and aroused the slumbering officers.

"No. 20, why are you thus out of quarters?"

"Hist, sir." says he. "Speak low. Being restless as an evil spirit, to-night, I have reason to believe, from what I have seen, that the shaft is being tampered with; that is, they are planning something. Call the officers, twice a day, and look to the timbering, aside from the general surveillance of the miners. The safety of both the men and the miners necessitated this.

My strange emotions, the morning shadows, this warning, seemed so many links in the chain. Covering a vital spirit to his mess. I then passed stealthily around and aroused the slumbering officers.

Only his warning death-ory had saved the entire company of officers and sub-alterns from massacre; and it was never to be known whether it was the phantom of a crased brain, or his guardian angel that had haunted him.



absence from the room was highly improper, and you should insist on her making him return it.

Arkannian.—We thank you for your "Lettered Enigma" for our Sphins Column, but as the answer did not accompany it, we cannot, of course, Insert it. The solutions must in all cases be sent in with any contributions to this particular department.

Doursvill.—We must again repeat, once for all, that we cannot possibly recommend any particular trades, prosesson or vecesions to persons with whom we are totally unacquainted, and of whose habits, manners, tempers and personal qualifications we have not the slightest knowledge.

(3. D.—The fact that you "possess more than an ordinary education" will not help you any in you to be affect. The analysis of the provides a succession of the success you in these indispensible qualities, he will beat you, no matter if your education has been better than his.

Doka.—By the aid of a grammar and dictionary you may learn French well enough to understand what you read; but you would feel yourself and what you read; but you would led yourself understood if you attempted to converse in French yourself in French yourself.

Askie.—When the cheeks are naturally red, with the rosy hu of real health, as is apparent in your case, it would be a sin for you to do any yourself understood. If you attempted to converse in French yourself, the would be a sin for you to do any yourself understood. If you attempted to converse in French yourself, as a proper with the rosy hu of real health, as is apparent in your case, it would be a sin for you to do any your he matter. If the redness was accordance of the health, then we would recommend your consulting a medical man.

Executemas.—We are obliged for your appressions of the health, then we would be a sin for your appression of the health, then we would be a sin for your appression of the health, then we would be a sin for your appression and well we were a solution of the health, then we would your and your and you are your and you are your and you are you

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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